981

FLIM-FLAMS!

OR,

THE LIFE AND ERRORS

OF

MY UNCLE,

AND THE

AMOURS OF MY AUNT!

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND OBSCURITIES,

BY MESSIEURS TAG, RAG, AND BOBTAIL.

AND AN ILLUMINATING INDEX!

It is not, my dear Lord! by Electrical Experiments, nor by conductors of wire that we shall be able to avert the black storm which hangs over us. Let you and me therefore be PHILOSOPHERS, NOW AND THEN, but CITIZENS ALWAYS! Let us sometimes observe with eagerness the *Satellites of Jupiter*, but let us incessantly watch with jealousy the *Satellites of the King!*

Sir W. JONES to Lord Althorpe.

IN THREE VOLUMES,

WITH NINE PLATES.

VOL. III.

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PLATE VI.—VOL. III. P. 11.

LEMONS! LEMONS!

This *design* is one of the grandest efforts of the human mind! What rivals it? Not all the *diablerie* of Milton, the view of the Pandemonium, which several modern artists, without genius enough for *a devil*, have so insipidly composed. The CONSTABLE has a head, an eye, and a responsibility worthy of the grandeur of his character. But the ideal head of the LUDICROUS GENIUS, with his wig reversed, waving his pantaloon cap, and grasping the amazing LEMON in his hand, are all beyond all praise. MARO, harsh critic of the sweetest verse (the poetry of the present day) has a MINSTREL-LIKE appearance. Mark the gorgon-faced CRITIC behind MARO, of whom our divine artist, (as Timanthes exhibited Agamemnon) nearly covers his face from utter despair to paint the *passion* of this character. Ah! could he have ventured on the whole face! terrific as Medusa's head wreathed by curling snakes, the sight would have petrified any modern author! Observe, under a lawyer's wig, a grave square-faced critic—ample justice has been done to his ears—at least as far as lie in our limited power!

PLATE VII.—VOL. III. P. 102.

AN ELECTRIFIED LOVER!

There is nothing uncommon in this plate, if we except the *subject* and the *execution!*

PLATE VIII.—VOL. III. P. 124.

TWO LIGHTS UPON ONE SUBJECT.

My Uncle falling into a philosophical self-supplying cistern, while my future Aunt persists in her experiment on two rays of light. This is one of the numerous sorrows of science, and the want of sympathy and daylight, in the dark room of a philosophical Amazon!

PLATE IX.—VOL. III. P. 152.

GREEK FEELING.

We here behold all that can awaken the rapture of the fine arts, and interest the feelings of an amateur.

The apartment is completely classical. The horned Jupiter Ammon is sublimely placed over my Uncle's

head. The Apollo Belvedere, in the niche, is as decently drawn, as can well be under the Grecian fancy of our luxuriant artist. The sopha is Egyptian, as appears by the monstrous Sphinxes at the sides. My Aunt's hair-dress is copied from an ancient gem of the Empress PLOTINA, and hangs in wavy grape-like clusters; the back of the head dress is copied from a bust of SAPPHO, while her Grecian vest is brought down under her stomach, and the sleeves conducted above her shoulders. CONTOUR, with his sketch of a new-born Venus, is pulling off my Aunt's shoe, and apostrophizing it from Anacreon! My Uncle is as Othello would have been—Jealousy personified! very sharp and pointed, according to the observation of a modern painter, that all violent passions are expressed by angular positions.

FLIM-FLAMS,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Nous serons par NOS LOIX les juges des ouvrages!
Par NOS LOIX, prose et vers, tout nous sera soumis;
Nul n'aura de l'esprit hors NOUS et NOS AMIS!
Nous chercherons par tout a trouver a redire;
Et ne verrons que NOUS, qui SCACHENT BIEN ECRIRE!

MOLIERE.

A SCENE IN LOW LIFE, OR *THE REVIEWERS!* BEING A NARRATIVE OF AN *ARCH CONSTABLE* JOINING A CREW OF JOVIAL BEGGARS!

UNFORTUNATE CONSTELLATION! My Uncle's over-anxiety to give a permanent brilliancy to your stars, with his great charity, as will appear in his hospitable recep-

tion of a CONSTABLE with his vagrants, put us all out, one by one!

CACO-NOUS, when in town, would often take me to Bow-street, there to shew what is "a political justice," and to study the science of "political justice" itself. In his melancholy manner he persuaded me that the CONSTABLE ought to be put to the bar, as well as the criminals he brought; for often the CONSTABLE had gone snacks with the rogues!

This discovery in "political justice" did we all in the CONSTELLATION live to verify!

Not long ago, an ARCH CONSTABLE found under a hedge, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, a crew of mumpers, tatterdemallions, roy-

sters, numms-wearers, and a prigger of prancers*, and other (what they formerly called) witty extravagants.

* This passage in the text some have considered to be pregnant with the most important truths. It has been conjectured that this crew alludes to a certain literary cabal of Scotchmen, who published a *quarterly work*, which, however, at first to no one would *give quarter*, and for which they ought to have been *quartered!* It was published by ARCH CONSTABLE. Now I cannot think our author alludes to this party; because the allusion would depend on a *beggarly pun*, unworthy of the classical purity of the composition and the dignified genius of the writer.

Besides, can the reader imagine that the EDINBURGH REVIEWERS formed a society resembling the present crew? No, indeed, GENTLEMEN! with all the wanderings of your *hearts*, I do not believe you are half as bad!

A *mumper* is an impostor, or hermaphrodite-beggar of the genteel kind, sometimes personating a disbanded veteran, at others a widow of a Welsh curate, and advertising in the style of Mr. PRATT's *Sympathy*, by

The constable, at the first impulse was honest enough to take out his staff, and bid the vagrants follow him to the Tolbooth.

appeals "to the heart," or "to a christian!!" A *numms-wearer* is another impostor, who wears sham collars to dirty shirts; and while he lounges all day in St. James's-street, growls over his gruel in a garret. *A prigger of prancers* carries a bridle in his pocket and a small pad in his breeches—in a word, a horse-stealer!

It seems Aristotle had his *acromatical* and his *exoterical* doctrines. The latter were on the *superficial parts* of learning, and any one might hear him lecture, as at the Royal Institution! But the former was kept for his particular friends; abstruse flim-flams! Now BOBTAIL pretends, that in respect to the *acromatical* doctrines of our author, no man in this age knows any thing about them *but himself!* yet Dr. GILLIES is called in the *Imperial Review, the first philosophical Greek!* so that the language of this panegyric makes DOCTOR GILLIES a *very old gentleman*; indeed his *faculties* were ever very infirm! A terrific controversy rages between Dr. GILLIES and Mr. TAYLOR, the translator of PLATO—the Doctor pretends he has translated ARISTOTLE, SENSE for SENSE; Mr. Tay-

But, some men's honesty will not last them ten minutes! This constable was a *printer*, and the numms-wearers were some of those vagrant *literati* who in that part of the country abound.

Every one of this gang had been *reviewed*, and did not care to undergo any more the like punishment. They had not sixpence—in their souls; but they made the water come into the mouth of the constable, by presenting the prospectus of *a new Review*—

lar WORD for WORD—and between them both ARISTOTLE sits between two stools, and the natural consequences are clear enough.

BOBTAIL considers that our author, with his accustomed *retenue*, insinuates, that THESE REVIEWERS have acted on the PRINCIPLES of this vagabond crew—but how can we in plain narrative admit of such mystical allegories? BOBTAIL has explained *acromatically*, SILK STOCKINGS. See Vol. I. p. 105.

TAG.

to be conducted on PRINCIPLES—not of morality—but of criticism! They only wanted a clean shirt and a guinea!

This constable did not take them to the Tolbooth; instead of exhibiting *articles against* these mumpers; he assisted them in *drawing up their articles;* and became what Blackstone defines an accessory *before* and *after* the fact to be—*printer* and *publisher!* Should he not have brought them forwards for breaking the peace with many of his Majesty's liege subjects and (to continue the language of their indictment) spreading false news to make discord between the KING and NOBILITY, or concerning any GREAT MAN of the realm*—for giving out

* Perhaps BOBTAIL may be right in his *acromatical* discovery; and all this appears in their critiques on LORD *Lauderdale,* to whom they say " they are

false and *pretended prophecies* tending to terrify the people with imaginary fears, and

obliged to limit their praises!" When they confess "he is ingenious," they add, he "greatly misapplies his talents and rank." On LORD *Woodhouselee* (a Scotch lord too!) on his *discovery* of a new *mixed species of evidence* in history," which they laugh at! On LORD *Ancram*'s description of "improvements in the arms of light cavalry," inserted too in the Transactions of the Royal Society at Edinburgh—the amount of their criticism is, that they will not *review* a regiment of horse!

In this manner they treat their LORDS! Now for a BISHOP!

BISHOP *Horsley*, in his complete edition of Newton's works, does not furnish a *hint* to make us suppose that he was at all acquainted with his subject!!! In his Euclid, when the forlorn meek Bishop is left entirely to himself, without Euclid by his side, his *demonstration* amounts to nothing! that the Bishop needed not have *thanked* with such prelatical pomp, Dr. *Jackson* for drawing up his prefaces! Better for the *Doctor*, no doubt, that the *Bishop* had said nothing about him!

As for their BARONETS, and MAJORS, and even COLONELS, you may conceive how they herald them, when even a COUNT is splashed by their unquiet ink, at a handsome rate. They accuse COUNT *Rumford* of being much too fond of self-idolatry, bestowing the most luxuriant epithets, on himself and his experiments, invoking them by *most interesting!* and *highly instructive!* All his enquiries are *extremely important!*

How do they use the GREAT MEN of the realm! Dr. *Rennel* cannot reason, and has nothing but obvious truths in vehement language, but he must moderate his insolence!—Mr. *John Bowles* is a political quack!—Mr. *Pratt*'s poetry exhibits every symptom of frenzy unaccompanied by genius!—Mr. *Adolphus*'s History of England is nothing but a Magazine (not a sixpenny one!) of facts for the future historian, who can write with some ideas!—They impudently assert that Mr. *Godwin*'s style is " uncommonly depraved."—Mr. *Fuseli*, who maddened his young auditors with his lectures, has nothing but " taffeta-phrases, silken terms, and three-piled hyperboles!"

Here I must pause! alas! I am wasting my tears in my ink, to have transcribed all this, of the " GREAT MEN of the realm!"

RAG.

raise enthusiastic jealousies*, publishing *libelli famosi*, full of the *mala anima*, and having a tendency to the *mala fama* of any person!

They resolved, though they published every person's name, not to publish their own!—Our constable, like Adam among his brutes, stood up and nick-named his

* As in their alarming *prophecies* respecting *stones* falling from the *moon!*—the serious danger to which the *Bank of England* is exposed!—the insurrection about to take place among the *slaves*, and the crisis of the sugar colonies!—How all *English sermons* are nothing but "tedious essays," and their characteristic "decent debility," and that such they must remain!—How Mr. PITT's "*fairest intentions* have been continually blasted in the *bud!*" and they prophesy, by incontrovertible inspiration, that so they must ever be! for if our premier *buds*, he always takes great care never to suffer himself to *flower!!* See that alarming discovery, in ED. REV. Vol. V. p. 154.

animals. They all would have classical names. The numms-wearer, who writes down Mr. Pitt and the sugar colonies, wished to be *Lucius Junius Brutus!* The crotchet-brained minstrel, who sneers at the delicate poetry of the age, bawled out, I am *Maro!* But the statesman, who so deeply speculates on national finance, (and is now confined in the Fleet) could not find a name in all the heroic ages suitable to his talent!

An idea of their plan!

The constable and his jovial beggars had like to have splintered at their first sitting. He had treated them at a retired alehouse with a smoking fillet of veal for supper—they riotously vociferated LEMONS! LEMONS!

The niggardly constable conceived they had genius and appetite enough, and might pass without the relish! But one of their great critics, a ludicrous genius of a parson, started up, with his cassock in tatters, and flinging his pantaloon cap in the air, he exclaimed—Without a squeeze of the lemon, how the devil could the constable expect to make the REVIEW sell! After supper this critic got up, with a broad grin on his face, while the critical sneer gave a rough dimple to his dark cheek, and delivered the plan of the Review to his confederates.

GENTLEMEN!!!

You must accustom yourselves to this title, and you must not omit the imperial pronoun WE! Pshaw! blockheads! why do you grin at the plurality of a solitary devil of a REVIEWER?

Existing Reviews are solid enough; but tasteless as our constable's fillet! Worming at Aristotle and Quintillian, as tame as old serjeants drivelling over their dried rolls, quoting cases and allowing precedents! They will not brain the brainless, not badger a blockhead! no personal invective, no ludicrous exposition, no petulant triumph over unresisting imbecility!

We will revolutionise! each of us is a legislator! we will pike an author by military execution, and shew there is martial law in our republic.

Of all readers the most indiscreet and the most ignorant are the readers of Reviews. You may catch them in shoals; make your net but strong to retain them! A few volatile pages and they are caught! Before we tell

them how the book is written, they shall first know how I, and you, and you, think proper it ought to be written. We shall be giving an opinion to thousands, who never would have acquired one but for us! what a public charity we are instituting!

Select the most valuable passages, that we may insure some good things for our own book; but these will require no commendation!

Make a noble use of invective; invective will give many life-touches to your piece! Equivocal panegyric will make a reader laugh outright; and malicious innuendo shall make the haughtiest author bend down to a rejoinder*; pointed assertion gives a strange

* These fine spirited recruits have been attacked by

pleasure to an innocent reader; and has not ridicule its brilliant point, and irony its

some grave veterans, and very serious charges are laid to their account!

But LORD LAUDERDALE has just published a reply to them!—behold how they get rid of the whole controversy! They inform their readers that they cannot reply to this work, because their colleague is *no more in this country!!!*

My Lord, this is exactly what I would have apprised your Lordship of, had you communicated to me, the small volume of your Observations on their Critique. Your Lordship may perceive what a set of vagrants your Lordship has put yourself among!

"LITERATURE acquaints a man with STRANGE FELLOWS."

From SHAKESPEARE!

"Misery acquaints us with strange bed-fellows!"

TEMPEST.

They attack your Lordship in one quarter! Ah! did your Lordship think to find them at the *following quarter-day!* Your Lordship does not know that the great test of literary genius is, the secret of remaining

burning caustic? Let them cry out murder What great harm is done? Who will have the temerity to attack us? None!—but the man who can bear burning sealing-wax drop

two quarter days in one place! But I should perfectly agree with your Lordship, that WE AUTHORS have a right to enquire why their colleague so suddenly quitted the kingdom? There is a tenderness in the expression which looks suspicious; *no more in this country!* it looks like transportation in a periphrasis! He writes in one of their quarterly Reviews, and *presto!* in the next he is off! The ball is not to be found under the cup! He has been conjured away! Aristotle and Longinus never *ran away* after their critiques; but they were actuated by *different principles*!

But though none of the fraternity, it seems, are capable of answering my Lord, they (says the sarcastical editor) "would be delighted to make some reply; but this is a gratification of which no one is entitled to deprive the author of the article which called forth my Lord's book!"—Heaven defend us, what a cannibal-critic, he evidently reserves my Lord Lauderdale as a *bonne bouche* for a favourite Polyphemus!

after drop on his tongue, or can bathe his hands in boiling oil *! Who will keep mumbling at the tough gristle of their arguments, while our criminal leaves will be licked up, covered with poignant salt and acid pleasantry!

The constable interrupted the orator—would not some books appear *too good*, or *too bad*, to suit the plan of their Review?

In this lies the *grand secret* of our ART! We are to hit the vulnerable heel of each literary Achilles. No work of genius can unite opposite characters of excellence; massive grandeur is without the grace of lightness, and what is beautiful and airy, attains not the sublime. The merits of the finest

* Such a philosophic conjurer, a Spaniard lately appeared at Paris. See Phil. Mag.

writers may be compressed in one impressive sentence; the qualities adverse to their genius will afford us pages! Here we open a perpetual fountain of criticism, whence "the waters of bitterness" can never cease to well!—

A critic started up, and wiping away a little curd of foam, slavering his lips, cried—On this principle I have framed articles on Pope, on Richardson, and on Young—as specimens for the use of the society! These were all men of genius; but I defy any one to discover this by my account of their works. I have hinted at their real merits with great caution and obscurity—

Bravo!—cried the Constable—away with these precious models to the archives of the society!—saying this, he crammed them in-

to a small cupboard with their hard crusts and cold haggess. My friend!—he continued, while he cut the rind of a lemon, and presented it to the ingenious critic—your eyes are disordered! rub them well with this lemon-rind; its bitterness will discharge their unwholesome rheum!

The arch-critic resumed—we hold a curiously constructed magnifier, a cylindrical mirror; 'tis concave and convex; 'tis rough and curved, and cannot fail to shew very amusing distorted figures. Beneath it, the beautiful arm of the loveliest of the Graces would exhibit a skin rough and uneven, full of hairy excrescences and gaping apertures! distil the freshest roses through an alembic tinged with gall, and the rosewater shall lose its sweetness! A work, solid and instructive, rate with vivacity for not exhila-

rating us with pleasantry and wit; or if pleasantry and wit freshen it, damn it for not being solid and instructive. In a labour of painful erudition, exclaim how heavily it moves! If it displays the charm of composition, lament over the superficial graces! throw into your articles an artful prodigality of the *pour* and the *contre*, you will madden the author, and tickle a thousand readers! what odds in our favour! my lads! I beg pardon—Gentlemen! they will be astonished at being shewn the possibility of the same author uniting in one work the extremes of talent and imbecility, as we shall pretend to discover in our first writers.

Select, at least, three works to banter, though the authors be obscure, and the works unimportant! We have declared in our preface, that we shall only notice

" works that have *attained* or *deserve* celebrity!" No matter what an author says in a preface, we must give our reader many a good joke for his crown-pieces! if we have any epigram among us we must club our wit!

Finally, for the last exquisite stroke of your pencil, after having asserted that the author did not know how to write his book, favour the world with this desideratum. In a dozen volatile pages of your own, persuade the reader they contain all that is requisite to be known; and you may add, when your fancy is sportive, and your dinner for that day secured, some theory of your own, of which the merit will consist in the eccentricity of your opinion, the confidence of your assertion, and the brilliancy of your style!

Such was the plan, and such the principles of these *libelli famosi!*

As for these unhappy young men themselves, they were all born of poor, but honest parents; yet all MUST come to an untimely end! Their lives, behaviour, confession, and dying words I propose shortly to indite; examples will they be to all the apprentices and journeymen of literature; tragical histories of PRIDE, EGOTISM, and SCOTTICISM!

> Learn to do well by other's harm,
> And ye shall be full wise!

The following Biographiana will, I hope, till then satisfy the curious reader.

Their ludicrous parson was put into the ecclesiastical court for two volumes of ser-

mons, in which he committed drollery in a quaint preface, and was convicted of having made his readers laugh!—for this spiritual sin he performed penance *pro salute animæ*, which he did with more pride than contrition.

The colonial and financial writer has suffered for the obstinacy of his opinions *la peine forte et dure*, that is, had his own works pressed upon his stomach, which had nearly proved the death of him—they were so heavy!

Maro, the mumper, was convicted on the vagrant act, as a minstrel going about with an ancient scrannel rebeck, twinging twanging old lays and ballads, all about cattle-stealers, outlaws, and big-bellied girls! clashing modern and ancient rhyme, to the

great annoyance of the ears of poetical passengers.

The Editor was tried for being at the head of this gang. At the bar this prisoner was asked, why he had committed so many enormities? shrugging up his shoulders, he replied, that he *must live!* The Recorder said, (as on a former occasion) that he *did not see any necessity for this!*—and turning to the jury, observed that the prisoner at the bar was a most daring, obdurate, and desperate offender; that he had formerly been convicted of a conspiracy in a lecture-room, laughing at the lecturer!—that he smiled too often!

Such was the crew into whose company my Uncle fell—he received them charitably under his own roof—our fattened turkey-

poults, our finest fruits, and my old grandfather's hock, were entirely surrendered to the critics!

Good easy man! he knew the plan of their Review, and opened his heart to them; he only wished to secure a seat of honour in their tremendous journal. The CONSTELLATION too offered to make them corresponding members!—As soon as the jovial beggars received this notice, they went off like so many hey-go-mad devils, scampering and scouring straight down to Edinburgh; and extinguished our star-light in their following Review*!

* I must add a note respecting this jovial crew—After having undergone the course of the law, as I have above faithfully detailed, they all set off for *London*! two never got here *safe*, nothing was *safe* near them! "There was originally but a shirt and a half in all the

company ;" they found "linen enough on every hedge!" Since they have settled in this town, I hope the police are not in want of necessary information!

But these runaways, have occasioned a considerable falling off in the spirit and the critical investigation of the *libelli famosi*—we see articles now "flat and unprofitable," The Horatian roguishness tickles no more!

CONSTABLE! be chary of dull Scotchmen! obstinate as my Uncle, they will empty their whole ink-horn to the very sediment!

CHAPTER XXXV.

Turpissimum est nobis LATRONES et LENONES majore inter se consensione vivere, quam eruditos.

LUDOVICUS VIVES.

It is most shameful that THIEVES and PANDERS should live more friendly together than the LEARNED!

LITERARY QUARRELS!

WHEN the REVIEW arrived, it was my fate to open that awful dispatch. I soon perceived they denounced an exterminating war to our small phalanx! At the preluding flourish I was in a stupor! Awakened by a small, low, sibillant noise, I beheld the mem-

bers hissing at one another! Red eyes, sneering noses, and acid tongues! Who could have imagined this? Every soul was bursting with a secret — that not one hitherto but had masked his real sentiments; they had stifled themselves with roses, which had been thrown away with mutual prodigality; each, merely to insure his own papers being inserted in the "Memoirs of the Constellation," had humoured and applauded the whiffle-scribble of his brother!

But against my Uncle, as President of the Cat and Fiddle, the members seemed more bitterly enraged—they petrified his genius, they iced his tongue! they all swore that his Essays were the maggots that had flyblown their literary venison!

Then the no-sale of our book, and the in-

creasing demand of the Review, which had so entertained the world with us all, set the village-laughers at us—insomuch that not a member of the Cat and Fiddle cared to meet one another—or any living person!

Instead of fraternal consolation, they recriminated. Dick pricked my Uncle with a dozen of epigrams, (blunt and pointed) till the tears started in his eyes! Contour gibed and bantered the good man! Bulbo once set his bull to toss my honoured Uncle! Caco-nous and Swartenzach were the only rational Philos—for in all their adversities, they kept metaphysicking it in their usual way, sitting as gravely as a couple of chimney-pieces by my Uncle's fire-side. Caco-nous was constantly with us, for my Uncle liked to keep a tame philosopher in the house.

Is this, then, I cried, a sublime brotherhood of LITERATURE? Are writers in prose as little to be trusted as writers in verse? What! all cocks in a battle-royal! Can a philosopher, soaring into a system of his *own creation*, cringe and back-bite? Whether our authors empty a nip of Burton ale, or quaff the soul-kindling Burgundy, are they all hewed out of the same block? Are THE LITERATI (always meaning such as constellated at the Cat and Fiddle,) men, who when they are *our friends*, we ought to live with as if they were one day to be *our enemies?*

What in this unfortunate affair particularly galled my Uncle, was a most inhuman and unheard-of attack by THE REVIEWERS on his WIG*!!! My Uncle modestly wore one proportionate to his head.

* The EDINBURGH REVIEWERS, to begin the

In all literary history (exclaimed my Uncle) was ever such a fact chronicled? What!

world, and try their luck at the ludicrous, in their first number, p. 18, slipped on a Harlequin's jacket, and with their pantomimic sword knocked off Dr. PARR's *wig!* Saluting it in magic Greek, they expatiate on its boundless convexity of frizz, scorning all episcopal limits; and with all due solemnity draw a parallel, in the manner of Plutarch, between the DOCTOR and his WIG, shewing that he had constructed his Sermon after the manner of his wig! All this was considered exquisite humour, fine taste, and grave criticism! They close their article by a sentimental whine, that the Doctor "should languish on a little paltry curacy in Warwickshire." They can at once *banter* and *sympathize*, tweak a grave man's nose, and shed a tear at his afflictions; they have such acute heads and such tender hearts!

But all this is not so ludicrous as it may appear, for such is the potent witchery of these HARLEQUIN-ARISTOTLES, that they inform us Sir FRANCIS BURDETT has "presented Dr. PARR with a living, since the writing of their article!!" By this intelligence they most evidently insinuate that they possess an influence over

is Punchinello to be Lord-Chief-Justice? 'Tis such a personal attack! A WIG, Sir, is one of the most tender parts of a man's character. Much may depend on a man's wig; ridicule his wig, and you make a man the burthen of a song!

The REVIEWERS said my Uncle's *Essay* might be measured by the scale of his own scanty WIG. It was as much entitled to be considered an Essay, as the thin hairs so loosely tacked together on his head might be deemed, by courtesy, a wig. But it was

the aforesaid Sir Francis.—I have little doubt they have, by the PRINCIPLES of their ARS CRITICA! They are ALL HARLEQUINS! Sir FRANCIS has just exhibited himself in a *Roman costume*—I would as lieve have seen him *fantastically naked*, like an *ancient Pict!* at least he would then have reminded us, that he was, or meant to be, an *honest Briton!*—without the trick of a *toga!*

really no wig at all! It had neither powder to colour it, nor pomatum to soften it; rough and uncombed, it was clapt on his head without a moment's reflection. Every crooked hair stood opposite its neighbour, without order or connection; and many parts were put together in so bungling a manner, that its beggarly caul popped out at every turn of the head—the rude workmanship of a village barber!

Now my Uncle got himself insulted at every hour.

When CONTOUR had prepared for the press his "Contemplations on OUTLINE," he requested my Uncle to write the preface.

Jacob, flattered by the request, politely insinuated to Contour, that no one could

write it better than himself. True, replied the insolent Raphael, but I do not like too attractive a preface; I ask you to write it, because I wish to *under-write* myself!

BULBO called my Uncle an ASS!—CICERO called PISO an ass. What an affair this was for PISO and Jacob!

And yet my poor Uncle took it from the placability of his subdued temper, trode on, as he was then, by the hoof of the public—not as *a man*—but as *a grammarian!* He defied BULBO to shew that he had more of the ass in him than BULBO himself had!—and civilly requested him for the future not to use *terms*, or even *words*, which evidently, if considered in a strict *grammatical sense*, had no meaning attached to them *.

* PARACELSUS treated the physicians of his time

O that every literary invective were thus analyzed and syntaxed! O that every lite-

with the most sottish vanity and illiberal insolence; telling them, that the very *down* of his *bald pate* had more knowledge than all their writers; the *buckles* of *his shoes* more learning than Galen or Avicenna; and his *beard* more experience than all their universities—and the physicians took this in high dudgeon; but had they taken these *words* according to their *pronouns relative*, they are nonsense!

Mr. Shepherd, in his Life of POGGIUS, has given a curious and copious collection of INVECTIVES; literary libels which passed between POGGIUS and PHILELPHUS.

ATHENÆUS compares the museum, or university of Alexandria, to *a cage for wild beasts*. In Egypt (he writes) they feed a number of *wild scribblers*, who are continually squabbling with each other in the *cage of the Muses!* and heaven knows when they will be cured of this mouth-flux! DEIP. Lib. I. c. 18.

It is remarkable, that the language of the *Poissardes* has always been adopted by *writers on controversial topics*; a class more tenacious of their flim-flams than any other, although they ought to be more modest and liberal than other writers. Mr. KIRWAN, a gen-

rato, when he is thus named and nick-nam-ed, would consider himself as a *grammarian*

tleman as well as a philosopher, feelingly alludes to the illiberal conduct of two adversaries, who seem to be strictly so, and, fortunately for him, are only armed with two goose-quills worn to their stumps! Mr. KIRWAN writes, "I little imagined I should have called forth such *indignation* and *illiberal personalities* from Dr. HUTTON, and I had still less reason to foresee that the *same style* of hostility should be persisted in by Mr. PLAYFAIR! He attempts to justify the *asperities*, as he calls them, of the Doctor, but aggravates them by new *invectives!*"

And pray, Messieurs HUTTON and PLAYFAIR, what is all this about?—We are both speculating on the *origin of this earth*; we agree that it has neither *beginning* nor *end!*—Well, we are all little interested about the origin of this earth; but much that Professor *Playfair* should turn out a gentleman! Ah, in these matters a man's *family name* may be at stake!

But *Juvenalian*, not *Juvenal* GIFFORD, has thrown a bomb in a Grub-street garret!—but, indeed, his bomb is composed of combustibles scarcely allowable by the laws of nations. See his "Supplement to an Exa-

as well as a *man!* So should they see all the fulminating powder without ball, of literary blunderbusses, smoke but not wound!

mination on the Strictures of the Critical Reviewers, on the translation of Juvenal." He may be, for aught I know, perfectly correct in informing us of their *increable stupidity—malicious trash*—and *stupid frenzy!*—and that, to get through his CHASTE *version*, abusing all the while Mr. GIFFORD, was doing—"A FILTHY JOB."

The Critical Reviewer says of our Juvenal, that "his teeth in vain attempt to corrode a FILE!"

Juvenal, with gloomy merriment, replies, "If by the FILE he means the Critical Reviewer, his vanity is unsufferable! Were I inclined to *mouth such a morsel*, I should probably find that I had PANADA between my teeth, instead of STEEL!!!"

I have ready for the press a very curious treatise of my honoured Uncle's, entitled—on TERMS of ABUSE, in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; illustrated by some curious theologisms of the same kind in our vulgar tongue, with their authorities selected carefully from the works of several amiable living writers.

I must say this for Caco-nous, he was never affected like the volatile geniuses at the Cat and Fiddle. After the Review had damned him, he *reasoned* about Reviewers—and with his usual sophistry remarked, after all, *a Reviewer* is not *Hobbes*'s *Leviathan*; one man composed of a thousand men; he is but one man such as we see each of those thousand is!—not worth noticing! Besides, I neither fatten by their commendation, nor grow lean by their censure—the truth is, he had a notion, according to an adage, that "a *ram* may kill a *butcher*," and an author write down his Reviewer! Caco-nous proceeded with his studies, humdrumming it with his metaphysics, and speculating on "spirits black, white, and grey *."

* I cannot suffer any one to turn such a man as CACONOUS into ridicule—or *affect* a sorrow which I am sure was never felt at the time. Mr. KARAMSIN, a senti-

mental Harlequin, here and there, never opens his *eyes* without a tear, or his *mouth* without a sigh, has made a covert attack at my Uncle's favourite Philo. He pretends to say that the whole affair passed at a mad-house in Lyons; but a man must be dull-eyed indeed, who cannot immediately detect the malicious attack. Mr. KARAMSIN says, that in the gallery at a mad-house he saw one of those unhappy beings at a small table, with paper, pen, and ink before him. Immersed in profound thought, he leaned his elbow on the table. That is a philosopher! said our conductor, smiling—paper and ink are dearer to him than bread.—But what does he write? —God knows! PROBABLY *nonsense!* but why should he be deprived of so harmless a pleasure?—You are right, answered I, *sighing*.—

CHAPTER XXXVI.

There is one who will undertake to kill all fleas in all the families of England, provided he hath a patent, that none may kill fleas but himself!

SHADWELL's *Stock Jobbers*, Act II. Scene last.

SOME OF MY UNCLE'S PROJECTS—OF MR. TOPSY-TURVY, MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF GIMLETS AND GIMLET-HOLES!

MY Uncle at this time was busied with certain inventions, which he had laid before the Committees of the Adelphi Society—but his important discoveries, being rather of a metaphysical character, connecting mind with matter, he puzzled those laborious mechanics

with two ideas at a time! Those who had eyes and hands to decide on a gimlet, or a gimlet-hole, in five minutes were fatigued to death by his close reasoning about some invention, which they conceived to be no invention at all!

My Uncle had nearly discovered "the perpetual motion," only losing two seconds in 3700—but the aforementioned Society, who are precise and obstinate, maliciously asserted, that for a *perpetual motion* one indispensable thing is required—*materials which will never wear out!* Now my Uncle, after all his pains, was vexed to be so flouted! so he affirmed that he knew of such materials! and what seemed wonderful, they were carefully preserved in the Society itself! He told them that he did not choose openly to reveal this precious secret,

but would deliver it down to posterity in the same guarded manner the illustrious Roger Bacon did, when he discovered gunpowder, by forming a kind of anagram of the composition. My Uncle, therefore, deposited the following letters in their archives, which they have carefully preserved:

BLCKHDS!

These he declares to be materials which will never wear out among them, and which, therefore, are what is required by the said Society, with which to construct a *perpetual motion!*

That Society, for the *encouragement* of art and science, have offered a handsome premium for *catching porpoises in our river!* —to extract oil from them; that is, from the

porpoises, not from the Society! They insist, at least, on having thirty! My Uncle employed a man ten years to watch for porpoises; the man said, *he once saw* ONE *in a storm!* so that I do not think the *encouragement* they pompously boast is so great as some imagine. My Uncle, too, liked to get a name at a cheap rate, and offered a handsome premium for catching a whale in a kind of net.

But certainly one of the most useful projects of my Uncle's, in what has been called *popular philosophy* for the common uses of life, and which, in my humble opinion, excels any of Count RUMFORD's, was that of *driving an obstinate pig!* It was laid before the Committee of the present Society, but little comprehended by their mechanical genius, who have never attended to the stu-

dies of platonic metaphysics. It is a mode which ought to be generally known and practised in all families. It consists simply in driving the PIG *the contrary way you wish him to go!* a principle which, had the great philosopher HERDER been acquainted with, would have been advantageously introduced into his "Philosophy of Man!"

My Uncle had been one day expecting Mr. TOPSY-TURVY for three hours—he had intreated to have the honour of sweeping one of our chimnies by a new mode! It was keen frosty weather—when a violent ringing was heard at the gate, and Cæsar exclaimed, a post-chaise has come up, all of itself, neither post-boy, nor post-horse!—We looked out, and beheld Mr. TOPSY-TURVY wiping his face, and, in such frosty weather, was reeking with perspiration. He bounced into the

parlour—our eyes had not deceived us—he seemed to have just leapt out of a hot-bath.

You are in a very comfortable state, observed my Uncle—my philosophical fire-place can't heat us to-day—nor, indeed, my Uncle might have added, any day in cold weather.

I must give up the invention—cried TOPSY-TURVY, visibly agitated. I am parboiled; and, if you speak much, I shall simmer into a passion!

This is, observed my Uncle, some unfortunate conclusion of some happy invention!

Certainly it is a happy one—continued the philosophical post-chaise driver—for the last mile I have been travelling these three

hours in my self-moving *post-chaise*, worked by a *steam engine!* Could I but have borne it! but every piece of me drops with humidity! see how my head steams with vapour!

You smell just like a steamed potatoe, observed my Uncle; but take my advice, and the post-chaise, worked by steam, may yet succeed. Consider yourself as a piece of meat to be cooked. Take away the lid from your pot, that is, remove the head of the post-chaise; the steam-boiler being in the body of the chaise, you will only feel your extremities undergo the process of stewing, and in a keen frosty day this will be very tolerable.

I can't tell, my friend, (observed TOPSY-TURVY,) what part of me may not be dissi-

pated by evaporation. A *pneumatic post-chaise* is a very ingenious invention, but the inventor shall never ride in it!

We told Mr. Topsy-Turvy that the chimney was ready to be swept—but he declined chimney-sweeping that day, as it was necessary for him to climb a little up the chimney to fix his apparatus—and besides, he was still steaming, and by no means in a state favourable to chimney-sweeping.

Mr. Topsy-Turvy curiously amused us with various inventions. He took out of his pocket a pair of tongs, shovel, and poker, which he always carried about him! they folded up very neatly, and were completely a *pocket poker*, *pocket tongs*, and a *pocket shovel!* I wondered what could have led this great genius to this great discovery.

He described his new scavenger's cart, to clean the streets. It had brooms on one side to brush up the mud in a heap, and then turning the cart, it had self-rising shovels on the other to scoop the mud into the cart.

He had also, what he called a *complete umbrella*, built upon the principle of a light moveable sentry-box, with two small windows for the eyes.

He had a scheme for *tanning certain human hides*, which, if *properly beaten*, would make excellent *leather*.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Verily, verily, quoth Panurge, brave are the allegations which you bring me, and testimonies of two-footed calves! these men were dotards as they were philosophers, and as full of folly as they were of philosophy.

RABELAIS, Book III. Ch. 18.

AN END TO OVER-FLOWING BOXES, AND HANOVER-SQUARE CONCERTS! MY UNCLE PUZZLED TO KNOW WHETHER HE OUGHT TO LAUGH—HIS NOTION OF QUIET BY TAKING A WIFE! *CACO-NOUS* DEEMS IT TOO TRIFLING AN OCCUPATION.

My Uncle did not dislike a concert or a play, but when he became so intimate with Caco-nous, he threw away his violin, and never went to the theatre! This great Philo,

(whom I have seen both at plays and concerts himself, and wondered that he should be allowed *to go alone*,) expressed himself in this prophetic manner.

"In *an age of universal illumination* shall we have CONCERTS of music? Shall we have THEATRICAL EXHIBITIONS? Will it not be practicable hereafter for ONE MAN TO PERFORM THE WHOLE? Will any musical performer habitually execute the compositions of others? Will men formally repeat other men's ideas? In our *present state*, all this borders on a *breach of sincerity*, which requires that we should give immediate utterance to every useful and valuable idea that occurs *."

* See POLITICAL JUSTICE, at the close, whence this is transcribed.

I understand, replied Jacob,—in *that age* every man will be a Shakspeare or a Handel—and so we shall have nothing but *private theatricals!* Who will go to his neighbour to hear him play, or to see him act, when he can do just as well himself? Adieu to your overflowing boxes, and your Hanover-square concerts!

But when CACO-NOUS introduced to Jacob his particular and brainsick friend, Mr. KILL-JOY,—I thought my honoured Uncle would have gone melancholy mad. Mr. KILL-JOY always wore a sable suit; he rode upon a black horse, accompanied by a black dog, and a black servant in a black livery. I forgot to mention he wore a gigantic hat to preserve his decency before the girls*.

* "I am mistaken if FEMALE DECENCY, nay, if

I believe no man of such profound erudition as my Uncle, ever so keenly enjoyed a good hearty crack; a loud burst of honest laughter; he and the Swede would sit opposite to one another in the library, holding their sides with both hands, and laughing till the dome re-echoed with the heart-beating merriment.

KILL-JOY and CACO-NOUS were in the midst of an argument respecting the period

CHASTITY be not injured by the DISUSE OF HATS, which has so long prevailed in France!"

HOLCROFT'S *Travels*, Vol. II. p. 117.

This is truly a very profound observation; but the fact is much more! Heavens have mercy on all French women! How is this, Master PANGLOSS? So the women in France have NO HATS!!! or, as you say, they make *no use of them!* The monsters! See HAT, *Old Hat!*—in the Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue.

of "the age of universal illumination." KILL-JOY gravely and gloomily asserted that one thousand, or ten thousand years, might elapse before it could take place.

Here my Uncle gave one of his cracks!

KILL-JOY stamped in agony—he said he was more than astonished to observe a true philosopher indulge in *any kind of risibility!* Was this an *age* to laugh in? Ought a man to laugh? Ought a man to be laughed at*?

* Mr. HOLCROFT has given us a piece of philosophy, enough to make an incision into the jobbernole of a Kantian!

" I suppose it was *virtue* in us that we concealed our LAUGHTER from the objects of it—though I leave it to better casuists to decide how far *this kind of laughter*, or ANY KIND OF LAUGHTER, is a mark of *sound sense!* I OWN I WISH I COULD LAUGH OFTENER!!!—Yet I am very wrong if I wish for folly; and

Does not the very language of the vulgar, which sometimes happens to be accurately

I do not very well know how pure wisdom should excite laughter. *Bless us!* we have many doubts to solve, and, as I fear, MUCH RUBBISH *to remove*."

HOLCROFT'*s Travels to Paris*, Vol. I. p. 42.

Bless us! how *naturally* is all this written!—*Ay!* but a little deep *mayhap*. *Prithee! Tush! alack a day!* Pray, Sir, have you ever seen Mr. HOLCROFT standing half an hour by himself in a monologue, closely arguing himself out of his own natural feelings?

Mr. HOLCROFT does not know whether he *may laugh*—he balances between the *pros* and the *cons*—and after all I can make nothing of it! He reminds me of GARGANTUA, at the birth of his son *Pantagruel*, and the death of his wife *Badebec*. "Shall I *cry* for the death of my wife, or *laugh* for the joy of my son?—He was on either side CHOKED WITH SOPHISTICAL ARGUMENTS! for he framed them very well *in modo et figura*, but he could not resolve them! remaining like a mouse catched in a trap!"

RABELAIS, Book II. Chap. iii.

These are mine author's authentic words; the reader

philosophical,(said CACO-NOUS, pursuing the argument,) describe the *painful state* of LAUGHTER? Sensible persons frequently declare that they are *convulsed* with laughter—ready to *burst* with laughter—*splitting their sides* with laughter—and, finally, *dying* with laughter?

My Uncle was more alarmed at the anatomical knowledge of CACO-NOUS, than at the metaphysics of KILL-JOY—however, he ven-

might otherwise imagine Rabelais to have written *after* Mr. HOLCROFT's profound difficulties and painful situation respecting whether he should laugh!

GARGANTUA, at length, comes to a determination, which I hope Mr. HOLCROFT will, for he seems inclined to it by that honest sentiment of his, "*I wish I could laugh oftener!!!*" GARGANTUA first "cried like a cow, but on a sudden fell a laughing like a calf." May this great philosopher prove as fortunate!

tured to say, that he thought laughter, with him, was always occasioned by a certain tickling in the *aspera arteria*, a glow in his *pericardium*, and a twitching at his *diaphragm*, which, if resisted, might occasion a suffocation! He declared that since he had known CACO-NOUS and KILL-JOY, he had frequently crammed his handkerchief into his mouth; bit his nails to the quick, and even when threatened with an explosion of laughter, he has willingly stamped upon his own toes; but some of your arguments act on me (said he) like a feather in my throat! There is a certain corporeal movement which takes place with all our thoughts; some thoughts affect the stomach and provoke nausea: others the eyes, which make them redden and kindle; others (such as yours) seem to communicate with the diaphragm, and were we

not to throw out the air by sudden jerks, I consider that it would be unhealthy to retain oneself.

All my Uncle said respecting laughter was sensible and pertinent. — Nature at times peeped out of the window at my Uncle's heart, but philosophy soon came driving her away and closing it in darkness! KILL-JOY passed a month with us, and my Uncle was observed never to smile afterwards!

But, when Jacob afterwards led so dismal a life, neither playing on his fiddle, nor caring for a play, nor recreated by one hearty crack, it occurred to him that he was a *batchelor*—and imagined that there yet remained some hopes of quiet.—

Not, however, by taking a woman—said Caco-nous.—

A woman! exclaimed Jacob, I mean a wife!

Well, and is not that a *woman?* significantly asked the unnatural metaphysician.

That is, said the natural philosopher, as it turns out—for I have among my natural curiosities an hermaphrodite fowl, which lays an egg occasionally, but has the comb of a cock!

Pshaw! exclaimed, testily, Caco-nous—you naturalists are for ever dwelling on particulars and particularities—your science is contemptible. We metaphysicians delight in generals. Is this an age for marriage? Look at the puny two-footed calves about us! In an age of universal emancipation "MEN will then cease to *propagate*, and the whole

will be *a people of men*, and not of CHILDREN.*!"

So my Uncle for a long while resolved not to marry, because he considered it as too trifling an occupation for a Philo to generate *only children!*

* Literally transcribed from POLITICAL JUSTICE!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

'Tis not her birth, her friends, nor yet her treasure,
  Nor do I covet her for my pleasure,
    Nor for that old morality
    Do I love her, 'cause she loves me!
Sure he that loves his lady, 'cause she's fair,
Delights his eye;—so loves himself, not her!
Something there is moves me to love: and I
Do know I love—but know not HOW, nor WHY.

ALEXANDER BROME.

A LOVE SECRET!

READER, if you are a lover, this perchance will be a favourite chapter. It really contains a *love secret!*

My Uncle resolved on marriage; but 'twas done with discretion, with erudition,

and with philosophy—he fixed on the principle of CONTRAST—as his friend Mr. DE SAINT PIERRE advises. This is the whole secret!—you have it at once—for I don't care to keep the doors of a man's ears wide open, till the wind getting into his cerebellum chills it—so that a secret kept too long in the telling is received *so coldly!*

Mr. DE SAINT PIERRE illustrates his system by a pretty story, and as I am persuaded that Mr. DE SAINT PIERRE is no liar, but only a conjurer, I believe it!

"The influence of CONTRASTS in LOVE is so *certain*, (says our Philo,) that merely by *seeing the lover*, one may trace the *portrait of the object loved*, without having ever *seen the latter*, provided that the lover is smitten by a strong passion. I have experienced this

many times. One day a friend, in a foreign country, introduced me to his sister, a virtuous woman, and deeply enamoured. When our conversation turned on love, I told her that *I knew the laws* which impel us *to love;* and that I would undertake to draw the *portrait* of her *lover*, which she defied me to do. Then, *taking the opposite qualities* of her own tall energetic figure, of her disposition and her character, which I had heard, I depicted her lover, *a little man, not over plump, with blue eyes, light hair, a little capricious, but fond of instruction.*—Every word made her blush to her eyes, and she seriously quarrelled with her brother for having revealed her secret. This, however, was not the fact, and *he* was as highly astonished as *herself**."

* See his "Etudes de la Nature," literally transcribed.

The story, you observe, is wonderful, but true—otherwise it would not be found among my flim-flams.

This theory of CONTRAST IN LOVE, I am clear I could confirm by historical facts. How many TOM THUMBS are smitten with a strong passion for a Hunca-munca! It was this principle that induced CLEOPATRA, the most vivacious, the smallest, and the most graceful beauty of antiquity, to hoyden after MARK ANTHONY, the heaviest, brutallest copper captain of the Romans? Did you ever know a fat couple, grease rubbing against grease, or a meagre couple, dried bones rattling against each other, equally enamoured of dried bones? Have you not observed a sinuous elegant Grace fly to the ponderous arms of some material being; and the sighing sentimental boy

winding the circular graces of some orbicular beauty?

Jacob having resolved to marry, filtered the whole system through the small crevices of his brain. Resolved on marriage, he thought proper to take the opinions of his friends.

He opened the affair with all due solemnity to us—he told us he was resolved to marry, because, added he, it is doing things decently!

Decently (exclaimed BULBO, eyeing him from head to foot) how can you imagine that marriage with you can be decent—a mere philosophical stock-fish!

CACO-NOUS said—cohabitation is the bane

of life; a man to live a whole year with the same woman! Marriage is the poor apology of a mind without energies, and as I have proved, you know, is a *fraud* and a *monopoly!*

There's one thing against marriage—observed CONTOUR, both for artist and amateur! the artist is always painting his wife! we have no variety in his works; it was so with Rubens! and even the amateur loses that quick feeling when his eye pores on one eternal sameness, and which, perhaps, after all, is a miserably defective body! Marriage must narrow his taste!

Marriage—resumed the naturalist, smiling on all his friends, for he was resolved on it—marriage has its foundation in nature. All animals couple! It is useful, it is pleasant!

Resolve me one question before you proceed, said the pompous CACO-NOUS. I ask, then, if a man should marry, or not?

If the question comes from a married man —calmly replied my Uncle, animated by a finer spirit than usual, and resolving all their *quid pro quos*—it shews that the nuptial state has certain inconveniencies; there may be a nettle in a bunch of roses! but it infers it must also have its enjoyments, otherwise he would not put the matter interrogatively, but give it the form of an affirmative or a negative.

But if the question comes from a batchelor? proceeded CACO-NOUS.

By heavens! exclaimed my Uncle with warmth, which shewed he was not only *resolved*, but *resolute*—

A being exiled in solitude, cold and sour, that hangs like unripened fruit in the shade, with its white deadly look! It dies ungathered, without sunshine, without colour, without sweetness!

He told us how Lycurgus, and Plato, and Augustus, punished celibacy; and how the oracle attempted to puzzle Socrates, by declaring that, whether he married or not, he would repent either resolution.

Well, then, marry!—exclaimed BULBO, and be as tender all thy days as a cockle-snail with his horns.

CACO-NOUS pursued the attack in a volley of interrogations, in his alarming way—Can you deny that marriage has a thousand cares, inconveniencies, and mortifications? Will not a woman dress? will she not play?

will she not ruin? Or, on the other side, will she not be slatternly, penurious, and teasing?

If she has any taste, she will ruin—interrupted CONTOUR—as they say at Rome, *Sposa di spesa, noce che nuoce!*

Is this a moment, exclaimed my Uncle, rubbing his forehead, and ruminating on Bulbo's cockle-snail—to pun abominably in Italian! on a subject the modern Romans seldom trouble themselves about.

Did not Mothe le Vayer (CACO-NOUS went on) who took a third wife at ninety, declare, all three were like a certain fountain, which was cold by day and boiled up at night? When a woman once has a system of her own in her head, will she give it

up to her husband's hypothesis? When Bentley was courting his lady, he had like to have lost her by starting an objection against the book of Daniel! Have you not written a treatise on learned men who had Shrews?

I take marriage—said CONTOUR—to resemble the *Dionæa Muscipula*, or Venus's fly-trap; the surfaces of the leaves are covered with a sweet liquor, and allure the flies; but as soon as they are caught, the leaves lock up together, and the unwary creature is fixed for life!

Jacob started, worried and dissatisfied, and placing his back against the chimney-piece, he went on for a considerable time with the following *memoranda*.

I own it is an agreed point that a woman is not a rational being! 'Tis so declared in the laws of the Romans. By the Mosaic code they were not received as witnesses in court. The Athenians prohibited them from striking any bargain more important than for a bushel of barley. And Aristotle, who was so fooled by them, pretends to say, that a woman is only an imperfect man. Does not Laberius say, "*Mulier quæ sola cogitat, malè cogitat.*" The woman who is alone and thinks, thinks of mischief. Thucydides says, that the best praise of a woman consists in having neither good nor evil spoken of her; and Xenophon, that a wife should enter her husband's house without having seen or heard many things she necessarily must. All this the Greeks and Romans thought concerning a wife—no wonder, therefore, there were but *few wives* among them! They

clasped a Phryne for a Grace! Their agueish love was a fit that lasted an hour! they madly bought a tender caress, which has no price. Their passion usually closed in venting itself in gross satires and biting epigrams. We, more polished and humanized, claim the mutual affection that expires not even in old age, and, at ninety, can write sonnets!

Nature for a moment seemed playing about the heart of my Uncle, but soon, alas! his head was worked by its unhappy theories!

I shall fix on a wife on the principle of CONTRAST recommended by my friend ST. PIERRE. I will seek for one on whose velvet bosom I may pillow my studious head; whose passive quietness may not interrupt

my philosophical experiments; I have therefore fixed on importing a short, plump, black woman.

A black! I exclaimed, shuddering at the idea of my aunt.

A black! cried BULBO—The notion is no bad one; for if a man would have a woman adore him, it must be an ugly one; they are naturally faithful and passionate.

A black!—said Caco-nous, with a sneer—'tis an original hint; I could work it up into a system.

A black! ejaculated Contour, appealing to Jacob's heart, by laying his hand gently on it—as a man of taste!—he added.

I am sensible, said my Uncle, touched by this friendly gesture—that there are some amateurs, who, being too servilely attached to the Italian school, will censure my choice, incapable, Mr. Contour, as they are of more liberal views of human beauty, and insane with their conception of the ideal, and the *nude*. Every form with them must be Grecian, and the colouring as brilliant as that of the Venetian school. They look on a woman as coldly as if they were examining a picture, and on a picture as warmly as if it were a woman. I own, the face of a negress is not fortunate in respect to the *chiaro oscuro*; but some are gratified by *silhouettes*.

Woolly hair, a flat nose, thick lips!—Oh Jacob, Jacob!—exclaimed Contour.

My dear Uncle!—I could add no more; I was choked with inexpressible sorrow.

Nephew!—replied Jacob—and you, gentlemen! I did not request you to meet to give me your *advice*—but your *approbation!*

CHAPTER XXXIX.

BLACK as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspir'd young Perseus with a generous flame;
Turtles and doves of different hues unite,
And GLOSSY JET is pair'd with SHINING WHITE!

SAPPHO *to* PHAON.

A BLACK CHAPTER!

IN this great consternation of mind lest I should have a black aunt, I opened myself first to Contour as a man of taste, and then to the honest Swede; and I must say that our family owes to the philosophical ma-

nagement of the latter our not having this blot in our escutcheon.

My Uncle kept stedfast to his design—and to accustom us to the abhorred colour, and as a compliment to his intended, talked of exchanging our satin-wood for black ebony chairs—reminding Contour that black was what the painters term a *quiet* colour!

I observed now, that whenever the flies got into his milk-pot, he would not suffer them to be removed. He said they looked very pretty there, and formed a fine contrast!

My Uncle seemed to torture his invention to bring every thing to this colour. He was as chilly as a grasshopper, and resolved to have his rooms hung with black, that they might be warmer; and this was done on the

principle of the most modern philosophy, which is a declared enemy to a silvery paper, because white imbibes scarcely any heat, while black retains it.

In this strange manner was my Uncle proceeding, when the honest Swede one day presented him with a few facts of natural history, which seemed greatly to affect him.

The Swede mentioned a person, the whole right side of whose body was *white* and the left *black!*—His father was white, and his mother black—another had half his body white from the navel upwards, and the other half black. His father was an African and his mother an Englishwoman *.

* From the Zoological Magazine, No. XII. quoted by Mr. White, in his account of the regular Gradation in Man, p. 123.

When you calmly reflect on these facts, continued the Swede, would you procreate more pye-balled, blotched, and party-coloured people? Have we not enough already of cows, pigs, and dogs of these colours?

My Uncle was struck with the facts.—He agreed that it was much wiser to purchase a monster than to live with one!

CHAPTER XL.

Bruler tout ce meuble inutile
Et laisser la science aux docteurs de la ville ;
Otes pour faire bien du grenier de ceæns,
Cette longue lunette a faire peur aux gens,
Et cent brimborions dont l'aspect importune,
N'aller point chercher ce qu'on fait dans la lune ;
Et melez vous un peu de ce qu'on fait chez vous
Ou nous voyons aller tout sans dessus dessous.

MOLIERE *les Femmes* SCAVANTES.

Descend from heaven, URANIA, by that *name*
If *rightly* thou art called! MILTON.

A FIRST ASSIGNATION CHIEFLY CONCERNING THE *SUN!*

MY Uncle, since his resolution of not breeding pye-bald Philos, actively resumed his correspondence with Miss ELEANORA concerning "the heavens and the earth."

As yet they had never come to an interview! But my Uncle, out of fondness and admiration, made her drop her *vulgar* name to assume the more hallowed appellative—of URANIA!! URANIA had for a month past been in a slow fever; my Uncle was as inconsolable as he was curious, for Miss URANIA acknowledged it was no trifle that had fevered her! and in one of her rhapsodical postscripts mysteriously added—It is more than probable that your immortality is at my disposal!

My Uncle, likewise, was bursting with a *secret!* He was languishing for *a tête-à-tête*, and a little chit-chat about the SUN! his soul, inflated with the oxygen of gallantry, felt its power of "accelerating combustion," and he boldly hinted at a "combination," which, in the vulgar language of

love is termed an assignation. She blushed, at least she mentioned this in her letter—which, however, concluded, after all the difficulties she had raised, that "my Uncle knew where to find her in any fine moonlight."

I have heard some ladies declare, that one must be a woman to catch the sentiments of a woman: there is something sexual in the soul! A woman's pencil only can paint those imperceptible touches, those bright yet melting tints, which few men can feel, and not one can describe!

But manners change! HOGARTH and CALLOT would now be a couple of RAPHAELS.—Now, when ladies are regularly brought up, educated and boarded, "entirely for the ser-

vice of the heavens *," and all day long are ascertaining the nature of the *gases*, and talk

* "LALANDE's daughter is educated entirely for the *service of the heavens*; she learns mathematics and astronomy, and he calls her *in joke* his URANIA."

KARAMSIN's *Travels*, Vol. III. p. 68.

Poor girl! this is a very *serious joke* for her! I hope Miss *Urania*, if she is a fine, plump, arch-eyed girl, occasionally flings her cap in Papa Lalande's face!—this would not be breaking one of the commandments, for he does not believe in any of the ten!

Then again, there is *our Urania*—poor Miss HERSCHEL! She sits all forlorn every night in a room under the great astronomer; whenever he discovers a small star, he pulls a string (usually, I believe, tied as a bracelet round Miss HERSCHEL's arm,) she then opens a window, and at whatever information he wants, Miss Herschel, after consulting her tables, replies, Brother! search near the star Gamma, Orion! then, shutting the window, she returns to pricking stars in an atlas! These secret memoirs I glean from the Travels of FAUJAS ST. FOND, who not only had a head as small as my Uncle's, but, what doubles the misfortune, it is a *French head*, all *bavardage* and *galimatias!* He gives us

of the human heart as if they were swallowing a mouthful * !

Bright over the observatory rose the moon full orbed ; the phantom form of my Uncle stole shadowy along—now gazing on the moon, and now on the observatory; but more tickled by the latter.

Friendly to his hopes, the door is a-jar ;

many other *curious* particulars of a secret interview with Miss HERSCHEL, how he stole upon her unawares !—then he exclaims—he is affected by " this delightful accord," and wishes the same harmony may reign among " all the *brothers* and *sisters* in ENGLAND !" I dare say ! Could our rivals once completely *astronomize* our great families, and madden our Premier with a star, they would soon see the *sun of Britain* SET !

* LAVOISSIER's celebrity has for some time past induced several of the *Parisian ladies* to become amateurs of chemistry ; so that they analyze the *sensibilities* of the *heart*—according to *chemical rules*."

KARAMSIN's *Travels*, Vol. III. p. 69.

entering a lower room in silent pleasure, his eyes run over all the regalia of science,—he turns an orrery, he rolls a sphere; but passed, tremblingly alive, an electrical battery. Cautiously ascending the narrow stairs, he gently pushes at a half-closed door. There, with ravished eyes, he beholds his URANIA! Her senses absorbed in the tube of her telescope, while her mind was darting among Saturn's rings, how could she know that my Uncle, on tiptoe, was peeping over her shoulder?

This occupation, the hour of the night, the youth of the fair student—secrecy and silence—all that could inflame the senses violently affected Jacob; in rapture seizing on——his snuff-box, a violent sternutation followed.

Turning quick on him, with a coquetish

poignancy, she faintly murmured at his abruptness *.

Hush! hush! she cried——besides, you might have stolen on me at one of my private experiments.—I have seen some of my discoveries actually published before I had finished them myself.

* As the reader may be curious to know how I obtained the particulars of this interview, I ought to inform him, that it was owing to the *alarm* which my Uncle spread in his rapture through the observatory. ANNABELLA, the maid, procured me the whole. ANNABELLA, good-natured soul! was a very different kind of a philosopher from her mistress. She studied the *domestic Encyclopædia*—many discoveries she effected therein. For instance, a *key-hole* she always considered as a *window* and an *ear-trumpet*—with that she performed many *curious* experiments in *optics* and *acoustics*.—These she would communicate to me, without pomp and parade; and she was so dextrous at these experiments, that she never suffered any thing she *heard* or *saw* by this channel (the *key-hole*)

"To waste its sweetness in the desert air."

Tenderly pressing her hand, he exclaimed, An assignation of science ought not, to disturb whatever is scientific.

True, true! she cried, with a cracked hoarse voice, (for this poor lady, in that observatory, caught cold a-nights,) one philosopher never disturbs another philosopher.—Hum!

After other formal compliments, my Uncle inquired if any *news* to-night?

Look up the milky way! said URANIA.—Ha! he exclaimed—it makes my eyes ache! but (tenderly stretching out his hand) I see a milky way fairer in the heaven of your bosom! Hum! said Miss URANIA.—See the foot of the Goat! my dear Jacob, how brilliant! I observed to-night, in the most desert parts of the sky, a *nebula*, which has

made me, and my star-maid very busy—on these occasions I always ring a little bell!

For this, madam, I admire the family of the LALANDES—he and his nephew have undertaken to determine the position of more than 40,000 stars—What an uncle and a nephew*!

Hum! Lalande is a liar!—affirmed URANIA!—

He is a particular friend of mine, replied

* As I give every thing I know with the utmost impartiality, I could as some biographers have done, throw into shade whatever relates to myself, not very gratifying. This passage has cost me a sigh. What a nephew has LALANDE! Ah! Master Lalande, junior, you, and a few other nephews, seem born only to mortify me!

my Uncle, chuckling at the thought he was a liar—I always thought he boasts of better luck than he really had. Then my friend HERSCHEL is another lucky fellow!

Hum! Herschel is a fool—retorted URANIA, with eyes as red as a ferret's. Is there any doubt that they fatigue the world with accounts of stars they have never seen?"

I thought I had discovered—said my Uncle—a volcano in the moon, and a mountain of ice in the sun!

Well! if you have discovered them they must be there!

I sent my Memoir to the Royal Society; a set of unbelieving Jews! they crucify my genius, and circumcise my papers!

Hum! they will not even do me that favour! Don't you perceive it is all a party? said URANIA.

Provoking! that the Royal Society should persuade one that one cannot trust one's eyes! As for the volcano in the moon, I saw it smoke with my naked eye—it looked just like a candle going out!

Hum! I sent those fellows some hints on the last comet. I was very uneasy!

My Uncle calmly replied, And I too! but Professor Murhard of Gottingen assures me it was a fluid body; it will cool, dry, and become as solid as the earth.

I am very glad to hear Professor Murhard's opinion, and I shall sleep the easier for it!

What do you think of the SUN? anxiously enquired my Uncle.

Hum! I do not know what to make of it!!! replied URANIA. HERSCHEL still persists, asserting it 'is not a flaming body; and LALANDE thinks it a solid one, frosted over with an incandescent fluid*! But WILSON asserts the *spots* in the *sun* are positively *volcanoes!* Now VON HAHN starts up, and actually describes *landscape-gardens in the* SUN! He seems, however, somewhat puzzled about *shadows* and *half-shadows!* a pretty af-

* LALANDE says, in writing something concerning the sun, this does not agree with the idea of Dr. HERSCHEL! We materially differ—but this celebrated observer is more to be admired for his *observations* than his *hypotheses*!"—LALANDE then reduces HERSCHEL to a *mere telescope!* Where lies the great difference between them? One *sees* any thing; the other will *say* any thing!

fair this, truly, if all these *solar landscapes* should turn out a deception of whole and half shadows *! Then we do not positively

* Listen to this notable discovery! "With a HERSCHEL's telescope of seven feet, I beheld with *astonishment, very distinctly*, in those spots in the middle of the sun's orb, parts beset with *little hills*, separated by *valleys*, and single *mountains* of a proportional height, which project strong shadows. The *fineness* of the *delineation*, the *scenic appearance*, and the regularity of these objects induce me to believe that *solar landscapes* are here actually represented."

Mr. VON HAHN concludes his paper with a very probable conjecture, which he refers to posterity to amuse themselves with verifying—It is nothing less than this—"By what circulation is the *luminous matter*, which diffuses light and heat *throughout all nature*, again conveyed back to *infinite space?* or whether destined and employed for the formation and maintenance of organic bodies?"

Mr. Von Hahn is probably a member of one of the Italian academies, I have already honourably noticed —and he is not without many associates—" the chained Madmen!"

Professor BODE's *Astronomical Almanack for* 1796—*Phil. Mag.* Vol. XI.—32.

know whether the sun be hot or cold—HERSCHEL describes the sun as a magnificent habitable world, and the *mountains* 200 leagues high. I believe he will allow that the sun is a hot climate, and that the sun-men undoubtedly have a brisk volcanic genius. The cabbages in that country must be as hot as Cayenne, and their small domestic animals cannot be tamer than tigers—the high roads, at the coolest, must be red-hot iron! But, behold, Mr. KNIGHT now has come with his petrifying system, that the sun-men (whose existence he does not deny) are probably suffering from *extreme cold!* and must be condemned to blow at their fingers all the days of their lives!

My Uncle having patiently listened to all Urania had to deliver—shook his head. All flim-flams! he exclaimed. He looked full of awful sagacity—I will disclose, most

confidentially, a grand secret concerning the sun!

Hum! she ejaculated—her eyes, in torture, strained on the very tenter-hooks of curiosity.—

Don't you perceive—resumed my Uncle—that between the *sun* and the *earth* we are in a continued state of fermentation? Physical and moral? Hot and cold? Revolution and counter-revolution? All these I account for on my system!

I am confident that the SUN is an ACID and the EARTH an ALKALI!—and while the present system of nature lasts, they must inevitably produce between them, all this fuming and vapouring, this foaming and sputtering, this sharpness and bitterness which abound

in human nature and the very elements we breathe.

A new principle! cried our astronomical Sybil—which HERDER would have wonderfully worked up in his "History of the Philosophy of Man!"

My Uncle was elated.—I flatter myself that I can manage my own invention, madam! With this discovery, the greatest events in human nature are easily understood. I have observed that every two or three centuries the earth is in a terrible *fermentation.* 'Tis now an irruption from the north to the south—now a crusade—now a new religion—now a revolution in politics—of all these I think the cause is apparent enough!

How do you account, my dear Jacob, for

the occasional tranquillity, or rather stupidity, which has prevailed through the globe?

You know an alkali combining with an acid produces *neutral salts*; mild and inactive! This characterizes these insipid ages! —My Uncle, in the height of his exultation, suddenly clapping his hand on his head, added, in a fainter tone—I do not offer this hypothesis to the world without diffidence! But, my dear madam, you look hagged!

Hum! I have had a hard time of it of late I could speak to you concerning such a thing!

She leapt from the table, on which, I forgot to mention, she had been seated all the time—stared mysteriously, with such a wildness in her gestures, her night-gown awfully

flapping about her—she stood like one of the witches in Macbeth—not as exhibited on the stage, but as described by the poet:

So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants of the earth,
And yet are on it!

Wildly she exclaimed—I have such a telescope! I have a tube three feet in diameter! I assure you not twelve men at first could manage it!

My Uncle, astonished, exclaimed—A pretty companion-piece to Herschel's noble instrument!

Aye, but it has led me a terrible life! it has fevered me! I have brought it to great perfection, and can perform horizontal and

vertical motions with it! How many secrets hang on the mouth of my tube! What anxieties, what watchings, what vexations it brings with it! These six weeks have I been languishing—and big with—

My Uncle began to find URANIA's language so rapturously ambiguous, that he was at a loss how to express himself—she, fortunately, proceeded—

With an important discovery indeed.—I have found A NEW PLANET!—and let the Royal Society think what it will, I am resolved, my friend, to call it—a Jacob!

A mixed feeling of love and fame came over my Uncle's soul—like a mist!—Kneeling in silence, he grasped the hand of the fair astronomer. — But the dawn was ris-

ing, and she hurried her new planet down stairs.

He had scarcely got into the anti-chamber when Jacob uttered a tremendous shriek, exclaiming, A conductor! a conductor!

Hum! Who has been exciting my machine? cried Miss URANIA. She flew to her friend—there she found her star-maid, Amabella, busied at the electrical machine, and at the same time making an apology for having electrified my Uncle.—She declared he looked a beautiful object of terror; flashing, snapping, and crackling; darting luminous points and pencils of light! Jacob's wig was electrified! The hairs, hanging loose, repelled one another in the most horrent manner.

His knotted and combined locks did part,
And each particular hair did stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine!

An Electrified Lover.

You have only received a *shock*, Sir—cried Annabella.

I am shocked, indeed, to see how science can harden the heart—cried my Uncle.—You are speculating at an experiment!

You are an electrified lover! replied Annabella. As my mistress can *excite* you, she may *discharge* you!

Dear Jacob, exclaimed Urania, you act more like a man frightened out of his wits than a philosopher.—But, sensible of the insolence of her star-maid, she resolved to rush on her fate, that is, on my Uncle!—Yes! tell all the village, she cried, that I love this man.—Her lips touched the lips of my Uncle—and he felt himself relieved, but their first warm kiss of love was warmer than

the kiss ST. PREUX breathed on the lips of JULIA — or ABELARD on the voluptuous mouth of ELOISA!—'twas warmed by no metaphor!—it kindled by the agency of the electrical fire!

I wish their lips had never charged and discharged together—for what a COUSIN did they give me *!

* As a kind of authority for this curious interview between my Uncle and Urania—I shall treat the reader with an authentic piece of *conversation-philosism!* I shall give it, as it is not exactly to be found in the Edinburgh Review Vol. III. p. 404.

This lady's extravagancies, have been extravagantly admired, by the Philos.

DONNA AGNESI, a fair Italian, aged eighteen, was a *master* of all the sciences; that is, got them all by rote, like questions and commands. This is what my Uncle's *monkey* could never arrive to, though my Uncle had some hopes of his *great green parrot*, the *Psittacus Æstivus* of LINNÆUS!

At twenty, had this young lady wedged into her *cerebellum* so many *large ideas*, that it actually *split!* this I am sorry for, but the *crania* of the ladies when overflowing with *hot sciences*, are like those delicate transparent but friable vases of Porcelain, that filled with *hot water to the brim* must inevitably *crack* and *fly into pieces!* Poor DONNA AGNESI could not hold a drop more! And so she retired to a convent of *Blue Nuns*—(apparently *a blue stocking club*) there she passes her days muzzing over her homily, and perhaps CORNELIUS AGRIPPA *on the vanity of the sciences!*

The president *De Brosse*—a gibble-gabble *French uncle* of mine—has given one of her *conversaziones*. The reader shall partake in the gallimaufrey of all that literary feast.

Thirty persons assembled—to listen, to stare, and to clap, and finally to return home and growl at their unfortunate wives, who had not *such long memories* as DONNA AGNESI!

First, *Count Bellori*—another Uncle of mine!—addressed the *Donna* in a fine Latin oration—but so tedious that even the French president candidly acknowledges that the Count was nothing but a starch formal fribble, bristled all over like a hedge-hog with his Latin.

This was answered in Latin by the *Donna*, who probably gave him as good as he brought. This so cajoled

the old pedantic Count that he would not speak a word of his mother's tongue all that evening, but prosed in Latin into a disputation about—*the Origin of Fountains!*

The *Donna*, the president testifies, spoke on this subject and *looked* like *an angel!* Such I suppose as are sometimes carved and placed upon a fountain!

The Count, by this time found his tongue chapped, lolling it out with extreme heat, he could not wag it; he called for a cooling *Sorbetto* and for the president!—requesting he would begin—all at this poor *angel!*

The president wished the Count at the devil, for when called on, he was obliged to make a most awkward apology for his false concords; for it was a long while since he had declined all his declensions, and did not even know what a vocative was! He hit on a most pleasing topic—how the impressions made on the senses by corporeal objects are communicated to the brain,—then on the propagation of light, and then on the prismatic colours. During all this, the thirty puppets were in ecstacies exclaiming as at an opera, *bravissimo! Encora!*

At length the poor *Donna* herself, angel as she was, honestly confessed, that she did not like much either the count or the president! That the whole turn of their conversation had the formality of an academical dis-

putation, and that if two gentlemen had been really amused, thirty very good kind of people must have been *ennuyé à la mort!*

On the whole, my French uncle, the President *De Brosse's* account, with a little management, seems to be as impartially drawn up as mine of my Uncle Jacob. Good man! with his heart upon his lips!—Oh! 'tis a rare virtue in this polished age!

CHAPTER XLI.

Charmante ISSE vous nous faites entendre
Dans ces beaux lieux les sons les plus flateurs,
Ils vont droit a nos coeurs;
LEIBNITZ n'a point de monade si tendre,
NEWTON n'a point d' X X plus enchanteurs;
A vos attraits on les eut vus se rendre;
Vous tourneries la tete a nos docteurs!
BERNOUILLI dans vos bras
Calculant vos apas
Briseroit son compas!

VOLTAIRE.

AMATORY GIFTS OF A NATURALIST—PRISMATIC MILLENERY—THE HYDRAULIC NYMPH—OPTICAL EXPERIMENTS—WHAT A NEW PLANET MAY TURN OUT TO BE!

My Uncle now led "the life of a lover." He passed many a tender and solitary hour, musing by the side of a green spermatic

pond! He contemplated on the planet which was shortly to inscribe his name in the heavens, and in return, he brought to URANIA fresh-bottled reptiles—and once, with a gallant air tossed about her petticoats three precious chinese fire-flies, brilliant as diamonds! He charmed a tear into her eye, by moralising on the transient existence of an ephemeron fly, which, if born at one o'clock, dies at four! to the great grief of its remaining companions, who are an hour younger! They both loved to blend a little *moral* with *natural philosophy*, which renders the dry paths of the latter much more entertaining.

With the amatory gifts of the naturalist she was bewitched; she would incline her ear to the *cicada*, and swear it was the Handel of insects! how in rapture would she

gaze on the *mantis*, or camel-cricket, which is continually nodding at one! She declared it had an idea of civility, from its frequently resting on its hind legs, and elevating and folding its other pair on its breast. On this would she reason and theorize, and with a philanthropic pun, worked up my Uncle to fancy that the *mantis* was a little kind of a man!

My Uncle had in our house a grand favourite of a toad. He and the toad had now lived together going on for forty years! Never was toad so well fed, so comfortably holed, and so affectionately tended. It was a foundling, a Tom Jones, which my all-worthy Uncle had found constantly haunting "the steps before our hall-door." Its monstrous size had attracted his eye, and its quiet disposition soon fascinated his heart. He con-

stantly paid it a visit every evening: my Uncle's affection enlarged as the toad increased in size. In a fit of enthusiasm he domesticated it, declaring, like uncle Toby, "the house was large enough for them both!" Whenever he had company, the toad was always seated on the table, I always fed it with the choicest insects, whenever I wanted a little pocket-money of my Uncle, and heartily joined in flattering this monstrous beauty *!

* See a minute detail respecting this toad in two letters from J. Arscott, Esq. to Dean Milles, written at the request of our late great naturalist, PENNANT, inserted in his BRITISH ZOOLOGY, Vol. III. p. 323, &c. Some of the ideas may entertain the reader.— "It gives me the greatest pleasure, to inform you of any particulars *worthy* Mr. Pennant's notice concerning the TOAD, who *lived so many years with us*, and was so *great a favourite!*—It had been admired by my father for its *size, who constantly paid it a visit every even-*

URANIA wished to have this toad for a week on a visit! My Uncle, at first, politely refused the invitation. He assured her, he did not dread the change of air, or diet, or want of any proper attendance from her servants—thank heaven! his toad was a healthy toad! but there was something in her house he did not like! He would not explain, and wished not to set Urania against any of her domestic favourites; but Urania persisted in her request!—My Uncle parted from his toad with a melancholy presage! forty years had they known each other, and never had the toad before quitted its hole! Our great

ing!—I cannot say how long my father had been acquainted with the toad before I knew it—I can answer for thirty-six years—he used to mention it as "*the old toad I have known so many years.*"—(What affectionate language! I begin to suspect he meant Mrs. Arscott, his beloved wife!!)

toad had not been three days in Urania's house when a tame black raven, that was suffered to hop about her Observatory, made one peck at its eye, and two at its head, and, alas! our toad had no "jewel in its head," as the poet falsely conceived! It came back to us with one eye, and a broken head—

The unfortunate termination of this visit by no means tended to increase my Uncle's passion for Urania, and I seized on that occasion to inveigh bitterly against her—for I did not like a fantastic aunt! But who can resist the seduction of a woman's charms! no matter in what way a woman fascinates a lover; the most opposite methods are pursued in love; what would sicken one man of his mistress, maddens another to possess her.

Urania made an apology for the acci-

dent—But I observed to my Uncle, that it was by no means clear it was an accident—was there not malice prepense in it? And then, I added, what apology can be made for cracking the jobbernole of a family toad?

But what avail logic and sentiment, with a mad lover, when a mistress *sets her* CAP *at him!*—Urania did this with the most astonishing effect I ever heard!

URANIA had recourse to her milliner, whom, however, she assisted with her own physical principles—she took into her head to cover it, with a great variety of *ribands*, mingling their *colours* harmoniously to the eye, as my Uncle conceived, according to the *prismatic scale*; and *bending the ribands*, more or less, to give an idea of the *refrangibility* of the

rays of light. This head-dress, formed on such philosophical principles, was as fine as a *rainbow!* The refrangible ribands, red, orange, yellow, &c. bewitched my Uncle's eye; who, it must be confessed, though he was a great philosopher, was but a small critic by the side of *Madame Lancaster!* He exclaimed, (as Mr. PICTET does on a similar occasion,) " The discoveries of NEWTON may be applied to the *choice of a riband*, as well as to the *system of the world* * !"

* Mr. PICTET, in his *Voyage de trois Mois*, passed some time at Count RUMFORD's house at Brompton. Among other miracles he saw there, is one of taste, respecting the Count's assortment of his colours in his furniture, which the Count has arranged by scientific principles. " His taste has been assisted by the principles of philosophy in the mixture of the tints, which, as the Count has discovered, form always harmony to the eye, when they are respectively the complement of the co-

One day, in the warm month of May, suddenly, without a moment's consideration, he hurried to Urania, and resolutely went to offer himself not as a lover—but a husband! He was like a PIGEON in the pairing season—and from being querulous and timid, he strutted in majestic pride, and assumed a bold and important air. I believe that at this moment, in the language of the naturalist, my Uncle was a perfect animal!

She was occupied at an optical experiment, but was willing to receive him, provided he did not interrupt it. He paused, when he found the room darkened—yet he entered, conceiving that no great mischief could result from the optics of Urania!

lours exhibited by the whole prismatic spectrum. The discovery of Newton," &c. Page 244.

My dear philosophical friend, she cried, I am making a single experiment with two rays of light—I am throwing two lights on one subject!

Jacob perceiving that a great deal of business was to be got through before he could seize on a golden moment auspicious to his hopes, plumbed himself down, instantly exclaiming, Where the devil am I a going?

Gone! you mean—she exclaimed—you have sunk, no doubt, into my philosophical self-supplying cistern!—keep yourself steady, for the great tube in the middle—

By heavens, madam! the more I press on it!—

The greater will be the volume of water—

I know it, sir, and I am proud of it!—replied the hydraulic nymph. It is the most multiplying *jets d'eaux* ever contrived. The water thrown up acquires sufficient velocity to return by a lateral aperture. I thought I had discovered, when I invented this fountain, the perpetual motion!

Jacob intreated to have only one corner of the shutter opened.

Would you disturb the experiment?

Really, madam, to make a water-rat of a philosopher, is no part that I know of philosophy—

Is this the language of a philosopher, who has walked on the sulphureous crust of a volcano, and peeped into a crater? I warn you

to remain steady. My oxygen is beside my nitrous acid, if the red pungent vapours are once freed—

I shall sneeze my brains through my nostrils—groaned my Uncle.

Truth, they say, lies buried in a well; to you then, dear Jacob, as Truth personified, I address myself. The experiment I am performing I owe to one of your divine hints—

My Uncle attempted to listen, while the water rustled in his ears—for panegyric is delightful, even to a philosopher in a cistern.

Shall we not be enabled to see in the dark? continued Urania.

I never went such lengths—interrupted the astonished Jacob.

O cecas hominem—Oh! blind men! as Lucretius sings—and philosophers! who understand not your own philosophy! Have you forgotten our experiment on the FLIES? Did we not collect five hundred, and, standing at the distance of three or four feet, wherever we could catch a small party, we struck two books smartly against each other, and away they flew! This shewed that they must have a sense of hearing, though we are ignorant where that sense lies. You can't have forgotten we were the whole day attempting to find where the *ears of* FLIES lie?

I perfectly remember that laborious experiment, cried my Uncle, who now quite forgot

he was in a cistern, as he assured me. That day we discovered *nine kinds of movement* in FLIES! What charming droll creatures they are when in high health! conveying their legs and thighs around their head to rub and polish it! hooking their middle with their fore legs! kicking out the hind legs for a long time, or twisting their fore legs in the form of a wheel! But the most truly astonishing fact, madam! was, when we decapitated a fly—it performed eight of these nine movements without a head*! Hence we concluded that we had discovered *a new sense* in flies; for since they can perform their functions so accurately *without a head*, it must be from their peculiar *feeling in the dark!*

Feeling in the dark may be brought to

* This is a painful and laborious discovery of a living Italian naturalist.

great nicety—she observed, stretching out her hand, and laying it on Jacob's——

My Uncle vociferated—it was impossible to stand out in the midst of the cistern—but the lady persisted in her experiment—

I admit into this darkened chamber two rays; now by comparing the size of my two holes, I estimate the quantity of light lost by reflexion—

Done to a nicety! exclaimed Jacob—

Mr. Bouguer contrived to read *almost* in the dark; he had the candles placed in *one room*, and brought himself to *read* in the *other!*—to be sure, the poor man must have strained his eyes till his head cracked*!

* See Priestley's Hist. of Optics. Par. VI. S. 7.

Mr. BOUGUER was an old fool to read in the dark!—exclaimed my Uncle, bolting upright—when, lo! the apartment flashed with the softest and most brilliant blaze, and which only the light of the sun can exceed! It ached their delighted eye, and terrified the chymical lovers!

You have inverted my jar!—she exclaimed.

Give me broad vulgar day-light!—exclaimed my Uncle, hurrying to the window-shutter—I am so wet! what will follow if the *gas* catches me?

You will then be in a *state of combination!*

Urania! Urania! sorrowfully he cried, you always are contriving to produce the reverse!

Plate 8.

Two Lights upon one Subject.

Recovered from their fright, at length he put a simple question—on what day? she replied, not on a Tuesday, because that is eclipse-night!

He now tenderly thanked her for the honour she had proposed to confer on him, and added, if she would but publish her account of the planet Jacob, dating it on their marriage-day, it would have a pretty effect throughout Europe, and vex the Royal Society, and shew they could do without their good wishes.

Ah!—oh!—ha!—thrice she exclaimed! in a twitter of confusion.—One gets nothing but disappointments in science now-a-days*!

* I observe, at a time when comets have become so common, and planets are hardly worth chit-chat, that there is a reason for all this confusion in the heavens.

What do you think, after all my watching, and the pains bestowed on a folio description, in a style that would have astonished Dr. OLBERS himself, with his new planet! your planet turns out to be? Nothing more, positively, than a monstrous blue-bottle fly, which had stuck on the glass!!

My Uncle groaned—Urania said, in a tone of tender querulousness, taking off his wig, and fondly playing with it in her hand —I thought I had it safe enough! but I can't help it, Jacob! Had I a *Georgium Sidus* in

" Astronomers of late, discover by the *unfortunate perfection* to which their instruments are carried, *new* COMETS and *new* PLANETS for every new almanack!" But the writer (as cautious as myself) thinks these are not always comets and planets—and shews how the ASTRONOMERS are continually squabbling about them.

PHILO. MAG. Vol. XIII. p. 296.

my hand, as I have your wig, you, and you alone should have had it!—clapping the wig on his head.

My Uncle, sensible of her affection, considered that "all for love and the world was well lost." The world, he cried, has lost another world; but I have found a planet still, and I will be the inhabitant of my own planet!

CHAPTER XLII.

If Fate, reluctant to complete my joy,
Denied the blessing of *a sprightly boy*;
Some EMBRIO SEMBLANCE of thy form divine,
At least has floated in the glassy shrine.
SCRIBLERIAD, B. III. V. 335.

OF MY COUSIN!—MY AUNT'S LONGINGS—AND THE CONSEQUENCES THEREOF.

My Aunt, after her marriage, became skittish and playful—full of those odd whims that a lady in her situation sometimes is foolishly allowed to indulge—but it was hoped that the wife of a modern philosopher would not have turned out a mere rantipole. She made my Uncle uneasy, for he was very

curious and critical respecting the organization of his future heir, and implored her, during the time of gestation, to dine on salads, and keep her temper*. You do not know, he would say to my Aunt, what is going forwards in you. Your child is agitated by your own passions. Every frown on your face

* "Is it not natural to think that an *infant in the womb* may be affected by the *temper* of its mother? Its tender parts make it susceptible of the slightest impressions. When a woman is *breeding*, she ought to be doubly careful of her temper, and not indulge in any *ideas* but what are cheerful, and *sentiments* but what are kindly."

KAIMES' *Sketches of the History of* MAN, Vol. II. p. 92.

There are some Philos who are much more curious respecting their *child in the womb*, than *out of it*. There is an anecdote of LORD KAIMES, that when he reproached his daughter for acting with a *certain freedom* she ought not, she replied, that she had been taught there was no great harm in it, according to the *principles* of his *modern philosophy*!

probably tweaks my heir; the blood of the child is the blood of the mother; the body is the same body; and, I do not say it for the sake of the antithesis, but for the sake of the child—the child is not only the mother, but is a finer kind of mother! a mother of pearl, or the pearl of a mother!—The truth is, he had always feared that my Aunt, from her scientific propensities, and particularly from her late ardent attachment to natural history, might lie in of some monster! Yet Dr. MUNRO, who has written so much on the nervous system, comforts the father of any monster, that though their brains are very small, their limbs are wonderfully plump; though they may want even a head, their other parts may be very perfect, and after all they may have two heads instead of one*!

* SMELLIE'S *Philosophy of Nat. Hist.* Vol. I. p. 210.

The reader has often heard of the strange effects of the unhappy imaginations of *pregnant ladies;* if you do not immediately put before them what they wish, they threaten they will LONG FOR IT! Then such is the exquisite delicacy of the fibres of their brain, that whenever the animal spirits do not go on in their regular traces, lacqueying, as it were, the ideas with due sobriety, they are apt to fly off in a flurry, dashing pell-mell, helter-skelter, along all the cross roads of their brain! Terrible must those vagaries turn out; and hence are creatures produced, whom it would be libelling nature to affirm are produced in a natural way.—These ladies may deem themselves fortunate when their offspring are only *marked* either by a rabbit's head or a mouse's tail, a plate of strawberries and cream or a pinch of snuff*;

* These gentler kinds of *longings* are humorously

in a word, by *something*, which has looked like *anything* !—

He has heard too, concerning the *more strange longings* of that susceptible animal—a future mother!

One day my Aunt *longed* for my Uncle, and behold, when he came, she wanted to eat him up alive*!!!

alluded to by SMOLLET. Mrs. Trunnion *longs* for a *hair* from the *beard* of her husband, and what was worse, she must have the pleasure of pulling it out herself.

* I am informed that a wife who could eat up her husband, either for *love* or *hatred*, is by no means a case peculiar to our family!

GAUBIUS, a learned German, titling himself "A Professor on the *Passions*," in his inaugural discourse gives one case. "Why should I mention that women with child have by unnatural longings been driven to that pitch of inhumanity, that they have sought to *feed*

When my Aunt was advanced in pregnancy, in spite of all my Uncle could say,

on the flesh of their HUSBANDS!"—This is to be understood without a metaphor. We often hear ladies declare that their *sweet* husbands are most natural to them! the cause, no doubt, of their continually patting and pawing them.

But to return *once more* to the more terrific *longers!* SAINT MARTHE gives us a *fact* which occurred to his knowledge.

Once I beheld, to glut her ravenous maw,
A pregnant woman living chickens draw
Swift from beneath the crested mother's wing,
Fiercely she snatch'd them, fluttering as they stood
Devour'd the flesh, and drank the reeking blood;
Within her jaws the brood were heard to cry,
One half was swallowed ere each bird could die.

PÆDOTROPHIA, B. I. v. 387.

I lament that I am compelled to bring forward such terrific evidences to authenticate *my Aunt's* LONGINGS! but a researcher into the secrets of nature ought not to have over-nice, or over-humane feelings—or he will never be a GALVANI, or a SPALLANDANI—or even MY UNCLE!

she resolved, being fair time, to give six-pence to look at a rope-dancing ape. This animal did so enter into her imagination, and so titillate her animal spirits, ramping along her exquisite nervous system, dancing at all hours on the vibratory cords of her cerebellum—that, till her time came, she was observed to skip over every rope she met with, clapping her hands, and tittering like the ape! What Jacob observed at the time was only laughed at, though our curate did maliciously hope that such a philosophical pair might produce an offspring that could never be christened!

My Uncle persisted in saying—Rely on it, that I am cuckolded by an ape!

To the mortification of our family did my Aunt lie-in of a perfect *ape*, with the *white*

cap, and the *red waistcoat*, just as the ape wore and my Uncle predicted *!

Another extraordinary thing—she took eleven months for this pregnancy—such a time is necessary for the gestation of an ape—but had it been born beyond the ele-

* I could give the reader a number of curious prodigies of this kind—medical writers abound in them! but I do not find one so positive, so clear, and so satisfactory as my cousin! MALLEBRANCHE tells us of a pious woman looking with too intense a pleasure on the picture of Saint Pius—and laying-in of a child bearing his *perfect resemblance*. It had the wrinkled face of the old saint, came into the world with its arms across its breast, with a low forehead and a hanging lip! The little saint, when preserved in spirits of wine, was examined by all Paris!—And supposing PERE MALLEBRANCHE, for the sake of his system of the animal spirits, does not flim-flam, is it clear that the infant saint did not look as much like a withered pippin as Saint Pius?

venth of her widowhood, it would have been a legitimate ape*.

My unlucky cousin was immediately put into spirits of wine by my Uncle, who acted more like a naturalist on this occasion than a man. Wilmot barbarously insisted that my cousin was only fit to be thrown to the dogs, or sent to Mr. HEAVYSIDE, whose parental affection for such orphans is so well known.

* Citizen TESSIER is so kind as to discover that a woman may take eleven months for her pregnancy, which he proves thus:—The parliament of Paris decreed that a prince of Condé, born eleven months after the death of his father, was legitimate!—no doubt, the parliament of Paris was as obliging as this citizen would himself have been on the occasion. I am sure I would not impeach the chastity of this princess of Condé—or injure a *fact* so very useful *when philosophising in this manner!*

Phil. Mag. Vol. II. p. 424.

There may be some who will not credit this authentic history of my cousin, and who might care nothing about him, though they even held my cousin in their own hands! but I am addressing a certain part of the philosophical world; those naturalists who would conceive it fortunate to have such an addition to their family—they know the value of such a precious *lusus naturæ*. After all that can be urged in favour of christianity, an ordinary christian is no curious monster, nor can materially add to a gentleman's collection, except by dissection!—but for this purpose, the biggest blockhead, Jew or Turk, is fully competent.

CHAPTER XLIII.

> Lo the good man still dreams of HORNS—appears
> To his own fancy,
> OX at the least, who was an ASS before!
>
> RANDOLPH.

CUCKOLDOM AND PUBLIC UTILITY!—MY AUNT AND CONTOUR ARE MUTUALLY SMITTEN WITH A VIOLENT PASSION—FOR THE FINE ARTS!

After my Aunt's unlucky lying-in of an ape, Jacob became affected by all the terror of cuckoldom. I thought something like a phrenzy was working on his spirits by his incessant discussions on the same eternal

topic with CACO-NOUS—Whether cuckoldom in *society* was to be tolerated? They agreed it was!—but when my Uncle examined whether it was tolerable *at home?* he would not allow this! Jealousy makes a philosopher so inconsequent in his nice reasonings! CACO-NOUS argued much in favour of "*public utility.*" Jacob rested on Blackstone for "*private wrongs.*" They went to it ding-dong, day after day. My Uncle declared that CACO-NOUS argued as if a man's horns were a *corona civica!* while CACO-NOUS replied, that if my Uncle persisted in his absurd prejudices, he would come in time to wish his most intimate friends were *castrati!*—Would not that be a violation of "public utility?" But my Uncle was bit by a mad dog—CACO-NOUS's arguments were all so much water to him, who was in a state of hydrophobia.

A familiar intercourse existed between my Aunt and CONTOUR.—Doubtless it sprung out of a congenial passion—for the fine arts! But all your enthusiasts in the fine arts, whose heads and tongues are less judicious than their eyes, make use, like the Methodists, of strange indecent language—and gestures too! Such "words that burn," accompanied by such attitudes! such simpering! such glances!—that to a mere experimental philosopher, with my Uncle's temperate blood—they appeared at least what I want delicate language to express. I attempted to soften his irritation by describing the quick feelings of delicate taste; he had no conception of them! But he was long restrained from breaking out in the terrific manner he afterwards did, by recollecting the place he occupied in the eye of the pub-

lic.—Jacob was one of the Presidents of Polite Arts in the Adelphi!

In favour of my Aunt, I must say, that she had of late been sensible of Jacob's coolness towards her since the affair of the ape—and whether she proposed to inflame him, either by way of revenge, or out of the thoughtless vanity of the sex, or to reclaim his lost affections, she and Contour were eternally disserting about the nude—ideal grace—susceptibility, &c.—which generally closed with a mutual attack on some part of their bodies—before the enquiring eyes of the experimental philosopher!

There was a circumstance which greatly tended to inflame the ardours of Contour for my Aunt, and was the source of a hun-

dred of those enamouring attentions, those sweet civilities, which my Uncle beheld with a pair of magnifying eyes, that made them most horrible to look on.

CONTOUR, touched with the tenderest passion for my Aunt, broke her arm for her!—and this, of course, was a trial for them both; she still doated on him with a more tender enthusiasm, he with perpetual gratitude!

'Twas done when she sat to him as a model, in attempting to adjust my Aunt's arms and legs to one of the figures of MICHAEL ANGELO, or FUSELI—her arm could not bear the twist, and snapped!

CHAPTER XLIV.

Whoe'er he be, that to a TASTE aspires,
Let him read this, and be what he desires!

BRAMSTON's *Man of Taste.*

PROGRESS OF THE LOVE OF TWO *AMATEURS!*—MY AUNT IS CHARMED BY EXQUISITE HARMONY. —HER EAR COMPARED TO ANOTHER EAR—SYMPTOMS OF JEALOUSY RESPECTING EYES, WIGS, AND SHOES—MY UNCLE'S DISTRESSED SITUATION, BEING GORED BY THE HORNS OF BACCHUS.

SOMETIMES would our modern Raphael, nestling close to my Aunt, (to use his language,) sigh for that deliquium of pleasure which is best expressed by tones and inflexions, so gentle that they are almost imperceptible to hearing!

I have heard her say to CONTOUR, Indulge me, dear Nightingale! (so she used to nick-name him,) by whispering so softly that I can't hear you!—He invited my Aunt to hear the sweet soft tones of the Æolian harp, which so admirably agree with the still softness of moon-light.—And actually one morning my Aunt left my Uncle in bed, to join Contour at the earliest break of morn, to listen to the song of the lark, so suitably cheerful to the rising of the sun!

Will the reader credit me, that my Aunt had no better an EAR for music, than a *pitcher* has?

Contour, with all these picturesque attitudes, expressive gesticulations, and fervid ejaculations, peculiar to the enthusiasm of art, would put himself in the most indecent

postures before my Aunt; squeeze her white hands, for they were white when they were not inky; measure her neck, which he said had the exact dimensions of the Venus de Medicis, and pinch her ear, which he swore was as fine an ear, particularly at the tip, as his Minerva's on his chimney-piece. He had really more the manners of a young satyr than a young gentleman. My Uncle, with a wry face, wondered how my Aunt could suffer so much fumbling. She replied, that CONTOUR was a *man of great feeling!*

Sometimes would CONTOUR, running volubly on, make a hundred over-refined strictures on the HAIR of women. He had all the ideas of an artist in hair—I mean a painter! He declared how "by its comparative roughness and partial concealments,

it relieves the clearness and smoothness of a beautiful face." He preferred crisped hair, notwithstanding the Greeks were enamoured of the floating tresses, silky soft, or when "the hyacinthian locks hung clustering like the growth of grapes," as in gems and statues.

At such a moment would my Aunt, observing my Uncle twitching himself at the edge of his chair, ask CONTOUR, with a malicious grin, what kind of hair he thought she had? To which he would reply by laughing and playing with her locks, and twirling her tresses, and fancifully arranging them into pendulous folds, like the head-dress of Aspasia, or frizzing them into a pyramid of curls, like Plotina's—or, taking off her riband, he would bind it round her forehead, to imitate the ancient fillet worn by

the Vestals, swearing my Aunt had a sweet low forehead, like Sappho's, and such as the Greeks maddened after.

> "*Insignis* TENUI FRONTE *Lycoris.*"
>
> HORACE.

My Uncle insisted on my Aunt's wearing a crop!

Our RAPHAEL was so partial to Greek taste, that he could not patiently look on a woman dressed with a little comfort and modesty. He made my Aunt draw her sleeves above her shoulders, and her tucker under her stomach, and this, too, at Christmas! At length matters rose to such a height, that he actually persuaded her to be *habillée à la Grec* in *flesh-coloured silk!*

What a bluster was kept up in our family all that day when she came down to dinner! The servants leering, and swearing they were positive their mistress had not a shift to her back; CONTOUR squalling and gesticulating in rapture; Jacob spilling his wine on the clean table-cloth in agony!

My Uncle made her dye the flesh-coloured silk a rich Mazarine blue; put sleeves to it, and, in fact, converted the Grecian tunic into a plain round gown. My Aunt looked, as CONTOUR declared, as monstrous as the Indian god *Brahma!*

CONTOUR was then about her EYES! He was in raptures with black eyes, such as the Orientalists adored; then for green eyes, the eyes of cats, which were the eyes of

Madam Fayel, the unhappy mistress of De Coucy—or for purple eyes,

Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.

When my Aunt asked what he thought of *her eyes*—he said they were described by Petronius,

Oculorum quoquo mobilis petulantia.

My Uncle marvelled at his impudence! One day my Aunt lolling fantastically on her Etruscan sopha, CONTOUR actually took off my Aunt's shoe, exclaiming, Oh, that I could be used by you but as your sandal, to be pressed by your delicate feet!—Jacob started up; his hot heart seemed devilling on a gridiron: he furiously asked what he meant?—CONTOUR, with his peculiar sweetness of manner and equable mildness, gracefully turning

to him, replied,—Only a quotation from Anacreon, at the close of his two-and-twentieth Ode.—True! true! replied my Uncle, striking his burning forehead, and, as in all violent passions, with an action extremely angular.—You will run mad, Jacob! exclaimed my Aunt, holding up her foot to CONTOUR, who declared it was a foot fit for an ancient Buskin!

At length matters came to such a pass, that once, when Contour was haranguing about the beauty of the human form, and particularly that of woman—Jacob surlily, and more like an *anatomist* than an amateur, declared, looking at my shuddering Aunt—that the true beauty of it lies in the *inside*, and not the *out*!

Of all the provoking circumstances and odd vexatious coincidencies, which accident

and malice played on my unfortunate Uncle, stinging the open wounds of his honour—the following was the most remarkable.

Contour, having remarked a curious passage in Spence's Polymetis, was so struck by it, that his wits rambled in the form of an Essay, to be presented to the Adelphi Committee of Polite Arts, and with the work in his hand he consulted my Uncle, who was the President. The passage in Spence runs thus: "There is one thing which the poets generally attribute to Bacchus, which I am surprized not to find commonly in his statues—and that is—his horns! Even these were *little* and *pretty*, and Ariadne, in Ovid, mentions them as *one reason* why she loved this god *."

* Spence's Polymetis, p. 129.

My Uncle scarcely had heard the passa[ge] read, than it occurred to him that CONTOU[R] designed to expose him to the laughter of [his] Committee! He rose from his chair! [He] perambulated the apartment—he run ov[er] the horns " little and pretty," a *reason* t[oo] for his wife's loving him! The whole wa[s], he thought, too pointed!—the horns of Ba[c]chus gored him.

I shall also notice—continued CONTOUR—these *horns* were sometimes *gilded* *.

And you have paid for the gilding! when you were at Rome? my Uncle grinned [a] ghastly smile.

CONTOUR, whose attention was absorbe[d]

* Horace, Lib. II. O. xix. v. 30. Statius, Lib. III. Sylv. iii. v. 62.

in his Essay, continued.—I have drawn up a list of all those that have horns, which I myself have known.

Can you, with tranquil feelings, look over this list? said Jacob.—How, CONTOUR, have you escaped the *stiletto* of the bravo?—But —(here he swore!)—you shall not send this *Essay on* HORNS to my Committee, without first fighting me!

CONTOUR was alarmed, then astonished, and afterwards explained! He with sweet urbanity tore the list of his horned friends, to appease the disturbed fancy of the jealous President of the Polite Arts!

O JEALOUSY! thou jaundiced-eyed passion! to what a state didst thou reduce my

Uncle! when even a dry nomenclature, a *catalogue raisonnée*, a frigid disquisition in VERTU—could fever the temperate blood of an *experimental philosopher* !!

CHAPTER XLV.

Would not an old Italian trust his wife with a young Painter, and leave her with him to draw her naked?

Sir W. DAVENANT's *The Man's the Master.*

PHILOSOPHY TRIUMPHS OVER TASTE — RAPHAEL GETS KICKED.

I AM now to describe one of those terrible explosions of jealousy, which cannot fail, in due course of time, to break out into some terrific and pathetic incident—to the great satisfaction of the *novelist*—whether writer or reader.

It was in the dog-days—a time, perhaps, not inauspicious to love, but presumed to be unfavourable to lunacy—and, indeed, my Uncle was always alarmed at extreme heat or extreme cold—such weather producing great crimes *! !

My Uncle and Aunt were seated as closely together, as a kind of returning affection in Jacob's breast induced him. Tenderly he pressed his URANIA's hand; her eyes were as tenderly fixed on Jacob's snipish

* "Great HEAT and great COLD have an influence over the PASSIONS. I have ever observed that the *hottest days* of Summer, and the *coldest* in Winter, were those days in the year when the greatest *number of crimes* were committed!! The *dog-days*, cry the vulgar, is a season of misfortune. They may say the same of the month of *January*!!!"

ST. PIERRE *Etudes de la Nature*, Eng. French edit. Vol. I. p. 169.

physiognomy — the nearly horizontal line from the crown of his head to the tip of his nose! One of his small eyes sparkled—like the first cinder kindling in a cold fire-place; the promise of that agreeable conflagration about taking place.

At that moment—when love had waved his fluttering pinions, Hymen suddenly inverted his torch, and the bright flame was suffused by smoke—CONTOUR bounced into the apartment, and with that French *legereté* and Italian *morbidezza* of his, drew a chair, dashed between my Uncle and my Aunt—and fairly divided them!

It was at a moment, too, when my Uncle felt himself a man! Even meditating on a rupture, for which he had hitherto only wanted courage and choler!

The volatile CONTOUR then run on glibly. *Carissimo amico!* (turning to Jacob,) I have come to ask a thing of you which will evince our exalted friendship, and which, perhaps, is incumbent on you as the President of the Polite Arts at the Adelphi, to allow me, as an amateur and an artist, to execute. I want a model—a woman!

Well, well! replied my Uncle, sneeringly, take to your Layman!

A Layman will not do for me! 'tis so stiff and woody! I want a model for sculpture.

Go to the Academy!

The Academy is but ill provided with living models. Can we expect from squalid

starved forms picked up in the streets, and hired by the hour, the naked simplicity of a grace, which Raphael would have copied? I want a woman, to give the world—a woman!—an EVE; and I have been thinking that I can procure no such model as your lady.—

Mr. CONTOUR, are you serious?—frowned my Uncle.

How shall I mould a statue to "enchant the world?" Can plaster of Paris warm and exalt my conceptions? I must have a living Eve!

With a fig-leaf?—asked Jacob, pertly.

By heavens! I would not have so INDECENT a thing as a *fig-leaf*!—The more naked

a figure is, the more modest *! I would as well sculpture your wife with a petticoat on

* "Let our travelled ladies who have walked *without harm* with gentlemen through every museum in Europe, and beheld all that Grecian art, even *when playful*, could shew, teach their countrywomen that true modesty disdains not to examine, with a steady eye, the *masculine parts of the antique statues*, conscious that they are as chastely represented as those of children by the hand of nature, which Innocence may, and does daily, behold unblushing; which, when *mutilated*, or *clumsily concealed*, shews *a narrow mind!*"

GEORGE CUMBERLAND'S *Thoughts on Outline, &c.* p. 44.

This refined writer's notion of delicacy accords with that of the wild Africans of Mr. PARKE! The Moors "could not reconcile themselves to *the appearance* of Mr. PARKE'S *tight nankeen breeches!* which they considered very indecent;" and insisted on wrapping him in a cloke before he was conducted to the ladies! p. 201. 8vo.

In respect to the *cloke*, which is not very favourable to *outline*, Mr. Cumberland would have violently dif-

as with a fig-leaf? Have you *a narrow* mind? Alexander lent Apelles his beloved Campaspe. True! in drawing her naked the artist fell in love with her—but a philosopher cannot be jealous!

This is such impudence! exclaimed Jacob, rising—but I can trace no outline of his figure!

Turning on this occasion to "The Art of Acting," for I know of no "Art of Nature!"—I find the matter made to my hands.—In jealousy, says that great delineator of the human passions, a man stares — then he hangs his arms down, perhaps in his pocket-

fered; he certainly would not have thought *a cloke* necessary for any thing of the kind! Pray, Mr. CUMBERLAND, how would you have managed the affair of the *tight nankeen breeches?*

holes—then he takes them out—then, laying hold of the button of his dreaded rival, and lifting up one of his legs, (usually the right,) he makes a rotatory motion, in which he applies it with all the energy of a lawful husband—to the miserable adulterer!

My Uncle did all this and looked a hero!

CONTOUR was astonished and nervous—URANIA screamed and was pathetic.—Delicious CONTOUR! is he to be massacred by this dry bamboo of a philosopher! cried my Aunt.

A bamboo! exclaimed CONTOUR—not half so *yielding!* by GUIDO!

Delicious Contour!—repeated Jacob—What then, (my Uncle, like some other he-

roes, could even make a simile in a passion, now he only made, however, a quotation,) as Othello cries, "thou hast *tasted* his sweet body?"

Monster! exclaimed my Aunt, shedding a pathetic shower. Goth! exclaimed CONTOUR, are you not ashamed to draw tears from that excellent woman?

Tears, tears!—replied the enraged chemist—Tears are nothing more than secretions by the lachrymal glands, mucilage and common salt!

CONTOUR, rubbing himself upwards and downwards—Are you worthy to be a President of the *Polite Arts?* to kick an amateur because he offered to cut your wife in stone!

My Uncle strutted across the room.—He strode as wide, and looked as tall, as one of Homer's heroes!—Plunged in thought, he muttered—I will resign the *Polite Arts* in the Adelphi!

CHAPTER XLVI.

See!
Onward with loftier step APOLLO spring,
And launch the unerring arrow from the string!

DARWIN.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE APOLLO BELVIDERE—INCLUDING ANOTHER TRAGICAL SCENE!

AT the moment CONTOUR was attacked by Jacob, he was also attacked by his nerves—and likewise by his sympathy for the distressful condition of my Aunt. Our amateur was not in a state to return the kicking, if he had, my Uncle could not have continued so long

on the wing; for the *sudden impulse* which had converted CONTOUR into a poltroon, had been the sole cause of turning my Uncle into a hero; but CONTOUR's cowardice, luckily, outlasted my Uncle's intrepidity.

Ah! but what is this conflict compared with that series of conjugal chastisement my Uncle now prepared for my Aunt! He maliciously had a covering put on the Apollo Belvedere!—What indecency! My Aunt revenged herself by nick-naming my Uncle the breeches-maker!

My Uncle confined my Aunt to her bed-chamber—swearing she was too fat and too gross in her blood; declaring he would treat her as a woman in her unhappy situation ought to be treated; for there was but *one cure* for such characters!

Putting the Apollo Belvedere into breeches was so rancorous an act, that I remonstrated with my Uncle. I confessed my Aunt's gestures appeared loose and dissolute, and her language somewhat obscene; but was not this usual with those amateurs, who have no other means, nor other language, to convey their feelingly-alive shades of taste? I boldly accused him with a natural frigidity, in respect to the fine arts; for he had acknowledged to me that the divine gratification he pretended to have felt in grasping the ample rotundity of the Venus *aux belles fesses*, was a pure flim-flam!

But he only called me a snivelling prig of a sentimental connoisseur!

Alarmed at my inexorable Uncle, I watched for some tragical event—at length

the direful vengeance took place, and terrified my poor Aunt out of her senses!

One morning early, just before breakfast, did my Uncle enter my Aunt's bedchamber! In one hand he held a bowl, and in the other a sharp and shining blade!

Already at her work, she was amusing herself by calculating the proportions of the Apollo; the fine cast was standing before her, but the indecent breeches were sewed on! At the appearance of my Uncle, she shrieked! Ha! he cried, is it even so? then to mortify her, he looked with a sneer on that faultless form, and coldly asked, what there was to admire so much in his head?—Oh—that the Apollo could have spoken! but that was no fault in his head! besides, my Aunt spoke enough for a dozen.

Is your soul, she cried, not penetrated by this fine illusion? Does not the spring of youth warm that celestial countenance? Are you not awe-struck by the majesty of the divinity, in the calm turn of that head! in those luxuriant tresses waving as the golden hair of the god of light should flow? Does he not seem to walk along the air? He does not touch the earth! What a Contour!

Here she strutted towards the Apollo, with one foot in the air!

Devil!—exclaimed my Uncle, in a furor of Vandalism, then with a cool malignant push at the fine cast, he repeated her beautiful language to flout her—not touch the earth! oh yes!—heavily fell the light-footed Apollo, and that inimitable head, rumbling, was dashed into pieces!

My Aunt shrieked! but her Apollo was no more!

Madam!—cried my Uncle—take your choice! Your fate is before you. A draught from this—pointing to the bowl! or a stroke from that—pointing to the steel!

Barbarian! exclaimed my Aunt—looking on the headless Apollo—unfeeling tyrant!—looking on the bowl and steel—poison or blood! Can nothing less assuage the inhumanity of science? Ah! had you but an atom of taste in your heavy soul, you might now act with the most graceful dignity! These, these are the trials of *sentimental* VERTU!

And the triumph of the severer sciences, madam!—replied my Uncle—Swallow this!

or receive that!—PHYSIC it! or BLEED it!—

Heavens! exclaimed my Aunt—all has smashed!—snatching in an agony of vexation her loved Apollo's breeches, she violently shook them, crying—there's nothing left! give me! give me the BOWL!

If you still cherish criminal wishes, this will purge away the peccant humour, purify the loose thoughts, and cool the unnatural heat of your body. But if the bowl will not do this, depend on it the lancet shall.

In a word, my Aunt was confined to her apartment during the fall of the leaf, and after having undergone a severe course of autumnal physic, combined with a free use of the lancet, she was perfectly cured of her

disordered affection*. She returned once more to the pursuits of the *exact sciences*, and the chaste embraces of my Uncle. She lost her plumpness, and her passion—for the fine arts; looked with the most guarded reserve on the amiable CONTOUR—and now could

* The learned GAUBIUS, M. D. and also bearing the title of "*Professor on the Passions*," was fully aware of the efficacy of my Uncle's mode of treatment. He says, "It has been a long established point that *plenitude* disposes to *anger*, *ferocity*, and *lust*; and that by *venesection* all these passions cool. Wherefore the advice of a physician, as Naudé relates it, was very salutary. The wife of this physician, hankering after illicit venery, he, under colour of being afraid that some dangerous illness was stealing upon her, advised her to submit to repeated *phlebotomy*, and other remedies of that kind. By these means he so weakened her, that when she was thus enfeebled and cooled, he found no difficulty to restrain her from her unlawful habits, &c."

GAUBIUS *on the Disorders of the Mind*, translated by J. Taprell, M.D.

stand three hours answering conjectures why two and two made four?

My Uncle was so sensible of the perfect recovery of his URANIA's senses, and so proud of it too—that he made a handsome apology to CONTOUR for kicking him—CONTOUR received the apology with all that suavity of manners which charms us in the polished amateur, and the polite artist—There was a liberality in their proceedings which did equal honour to SCIENCE, and to TASTE!

CHAPTER XLVII.

From SUCH the world will judge of MEN and BOOKS!

POPE.

A TRIFLING EVENT HAVING TAKEN PLACE, MY UNCLE IN TOWN BECOMES A TOWN-CRITIC! —*CRITICAL TRICKS!*

After this perfect cure performed on my Aunt, a trifling event occurred which brought my Uncle to town; the event, perhaps, was connected with my Aunt's cure—it was my Aunt's death! Yes, poor woman!

she died! and received christian burial!—But as soon as the stone was laid flat upon her, there was an end of her! Her immortality, her obstinate appeals to posterity, her persisting to expose the Royal Society, all came to nothing! We found, piled up in one of our garrets, three complete editions of three works, which, unknown to us all, she had printed; but my Uncle, who began to have a taste for the BELLES-LETTRES, was now astonished what a weak, crazy, affected being his URANIA had been; and went upon his knees before me, that I might never disclose her having been the author of such confounding theories and whims.—We burnt her works in the most private manner, a little every day; but we so heated our chimnies, that I thought my Aunt (though all the world had entirely forgotten her and her works,)—would have set fire to the house.

My Uncle in town became a TOWN-CRITIC! A great portion of THE CRITICAL ART is acquired by one's LEGS! pleasantly coursing from one bookseller's shop to another, the bookseller tells you his morning anecdote. You encounter some learned critic, who hits upon a new reading; another communicates a notice respecting some work going to press; or, perhaps, has held in his own hand a wet sheet! What you hear in one quarter is new in another; provided you *time* your literary communications, and not grow tedious about a flim-flam at five o'clock, which might have been curious and important from twelve to two!

Yet even all this industrious bustle, joined, too, with a sedulous attendance on all BOOK-SALES, and some cajoling of PRINTERS, to

get a glance at their MSS. to give a guess at the hand-writing—will not constitute an *accomplished critic!* My Uncle founded his reputation on more refined and subtile Machiavelism.

In respect, for instance, to MODERN POEMS, I pitied my Uncle's situation. He in his heart abominated them all, and confidentially declared to me that *modern poetry*, to any man of *common sense*, must always be unintelligible. Yet, notwithstanding all this, was my Uncle a formidable critic; and it was even conjectured, as luckily for him, he had never written a verse, and never blundered in a criticism, that he himself might be, if he chose to take the trouble, a great poet.

He extricated himself amidst this delicate

distress, in the following manner. Taking a MODERN POEM in his hand, with a due composure of features, he would ejaculate in the dignified language of science,

MECONIUM!

When once the *age* of the *poet* was ascertained, how did his friends open their eyes at his sagacity! If the work of a VETERAN, it was *Meconium*, which signifies *expressed juice of poppy!* If some juvenile production, it was *Meconium*, because that word also signifies *the first excrement of children in coming into the world!*

When my Uncle became a *belles-lettres* man, he composed for the press, in a manner equally curious and critical. He regularly observed the breadth of four fingers laid flat upon his page, as a proper distance to be kept be-

tween his lines, that this admirable space might hereafter be filled up "with interstitial words, and delicacies of diction, that occur at intervals of leisure, or lucky moments of composition," as Johnson expresses it! It was my Uncle's opinion that so far from most of our writers being wasters of paper, (a long-reproached crime!) that, on the contrary they were much too penurious; for if they would leave the breadth of four fingers between their lines, a great deal of good matter might have been inserted, and their works wonderfully improved thereby. On this principle he, with facetious felicity, adopted the phrase usually employed when an author compels us to be favoured with a perusal of his MS. prepared for the press.

An author solicited my Uncle's corrections.—Now my Uncle hated to be a literary

veneerer.—Having kept the MS. for a certain decent time, he handed it to the author, complimenting him that *he had left*

NO ROOM FOR CORRECTION!

The author smirked and published, but such an outcry was raised against the work! The author appealed to my Uncle's positive decision; but my Uncle explained, with a malicious grin—the principle of his criticism!

My Uncle was a great admirer of this kind of ambidextrous criticism — often had it saved his honour, but surely not his conscience! 'twas the pious fraud of ARIUS, saying one thing and thinking of two!

According to Socrates the historian, Con-

stantine the Great commanded ARIUS to subscribe to the opinion of the Council of Nice, which was a final condemnation of ARIUS.

The signature of ARIUS was brought to the Emperor. The Emperor could not credit it! He summoned the arch Heresiarch to swear before him that he had subscribed!

ARIUS SWORE!!!

He had concealed under his arm his own particular opinions, written by himself, and when he swore, as he held the condemnation of the Council, that *he held what he had written*—by these words he alluded to *his own opinions* UNDER HIS ARM, and not the *decision of the Council* IN HIS HAND!

But really, as my Uncle once said to console an unfortunate author, you should not be surprized that your READERS and YOU do not *think alike!* My project of introducing the science of CHEMISTRY into LITERATURE, by analyzing, compounding, and decompounding WORDS, too evidently will shew how many chances there are against us all, that we shall not be understood in the manner we wish *.

* Citizen ROEDERER, in a work entitled, *L'Art de Savoir ce qu'on dit en Politique et en Morale,* proposes to apply ANALYSIS to a great number of questions. He made the first trial of *his method* on that proposed by the class as the subject of a prize, viz. What are the institutions best calculated to lay the foundation of *morals* in a nation!

By *examining* and distinguishing the *different acceptations* of *each of the words*, Cit. ROEDERER found, by

DECOMPOSITION,

that it is susceptible of 120——different meanings!!!
He afterwards determined, by

that meaning in which it *ought to be understood.*"

Phil. Mag. Vol. II. p. 208.

This application of the science of CHEMISTRY to *moral philosophy*, I cannot sufficiently admire; it evidently proves that a Philo's words *may* be misunderstood 119 times before he is perfectly comprehended! I know not that this is a *discovery*, but am convinced it is a *truth!*

Cit. ROEDERER merits one of the *titles* of the *schoolmen*. Shall he be saluted, like RAYMOND LULLY, as the *illuminated Doctor?* or like JOHN of Salisbury, *the Doctor of Doctors?* I wish from my soul I could say this *Senator* was like a very obscure doctor, who was called *Doctor illibatus;* the *Doctor without a blemish!*

Beyond them all,
Lo! he a rope of sand could twist—
As tough as learned Sorbonist;
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
That's empty when the moon is full:
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

EDITIONS various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what CODRUS would be *thought!*
He TITLES knows, and INDEXES has seen,
But leaves to Atticus *what lies between!*

YOUNG.

BIBLIOGRAPHY—MARTIAL PREFERRED TO VIRGIL!—BOOK-SALES—A JOKE OF SHAKSPEARE'S NOT YET FOUND OUT!—PRINT COLLECTING!

WHEN my Uncle became what is emphatically termed a COLLECTOR, a virtuoso in rare and curious books, in all his feats of BIBLIOMANIA, touched by the hallowed fire of the departed spirits of *Pinelli*, *De Missy*, and *Cracherode*, still breathing in their *priced ca-*

talogues *, the emptiness of his purse could not satiate the ardour of his soul.

Any vulgar person would have imagined that the ancient printers were our intimate neighbours, from the daily conversation he held about them—the Aldini, the Stephenses, the Elzevirs! Ah! little did these honest souls imagine what future plagues they were inflicting on families with small incomes! A true collector, though all his family stand before him shivering without a shirt or a shift, will deem his table well covered, if he sees on it an *editio princeps*—*a Greek Psalter* illuminated—or, oh! too great a treasure!—at least to pay the *money down for it*, as my

* Catalogues of book-sales from the last century, with the prices at which they sold affixed, are excessively precious—they form the chronological value of books, and are necessary to every bibliographer.

Uncle did!—a *Biblia Sacra Polyglotta!*—Ah! (cried I) I wish the Polyglots had been all sent up to heaven in vellum rockets*! A five

* The first polyglot was projected by Cardinal XIMENES, who at sixty began to study the Hebrew, and paid 50,000 ducats for MSS. and for learned men. The MSS. from which this much-famed POLYGLOT was composed, were sold to a dealer in fire-works, *como membranas inutiles!* 'Tis a provoking circumstance, I acknowledge—but still the librarian or waste-paper merchant, in this instance, who sold them, might have been as ignorant as the rocket-maker who fired them off—and neither might intend any mischief.—The learned MICHAELIS is in a rage to immortalize him! declaring he was the greatest barbarian of the 18th century! Another professor flew from Germany to Spain just in time to snatch *a few scattered leaves* which are luckily preserved at the University of Alcala! and shewn, I conceive, at a great distance, to the virtuosi on saints-days, with the great thumb-nail of St. James.

But an important controversy is now going forwards in the learned world whether these MSS. were *paper* or *vellum!* Mr. MARSH, a profound biblical critic,

shilling bible is bible enough for any honest christian! Do you (said I to my Uncle) believe a chapter more, for all this gigantic plaything with which the old proud Cardinal

would console us for the loss of these MSS. by supposing them to have been only *paper!* But he encounters a formidable adversary in Mr. DIBDIN, who laboriously investigating the *membranas inutiles*, infers that possibly they might have been *vellum!!* Mr. MARSH says, they never make *fire-rockets* of *vellum*—Mr. DIBDIN says, that "a delicate sort of vellum might, in his own opinion, make a squib, cracker, or a *rocket!* Nay, adds he, with an argument like a clap of thunder, "I have *seen* parchment on the *exterior of a rocket!!*—Then, gentlemen! I imagine the whole affair is at length gravely decided, whether the MSS. Cardinal Ximenes used for his polyglot were paper or vellum—No' says Mr. DIBDIN, after all this close examination, *de rerum natura*—" If I could obtain a sight of the *few scattered leaves*, preserved in the University at Alcala, then I think I should be able to decide whether they are *paper* or *vellum!*"—I believe *not!* For if such a genius as Mr. DIBDIN were to inspect those

XIMENES diverted his melancholy fits when twitted by the Spanish grandees? Do you believe at the rate of the fifty guineas, at which they nailed you for your Polyglot?

I trembled whenever he talked of an *unique copy*, and once, particularly, had a fit of sickness occasioned by "the *most magnificent*, and *largest book* ever printed on VELLUM!!!" It cost two hundred guineas!! large paper, lovely type, and sumptuous ornaments; all these, he said, rejoiced the eye, and gave a new pleasure to the reader. So they do; but I never like to pay for pleasure

few scattered leaves at the *University of Alcala*, he would set the whole University in a flame, and madden the Spaniards by conjecturing the *few scattered leaves* were neither *paper* nor *vellum*!!

See T. F. DIBDIN's Greek and Latin Classics, p. 111.

more than the pleasure is worth; I wished to the devil the *famous edition of the Latin Vulgate*, by Pope Sixtus Vth! What do you think, dear reader, it is famous for?—because *it is full of errors!!!* His holiness blundered through the Latin Vulgate, and my Uncle gave sixty gui-neas for what he called a *very fine copy**.

Day following day, he and his perpetual rival, Dr. Glum, were measuring, and com-paring, and quarrelling about *their margins!*

* This book emphatically called "The famous Edition of the Vulgate, by Pope Sixtus Vth." was published in 1590. The Pope superintended the work both before and after it was committed to the press. It was no sooner published than it was discovered to be *full of errors!!!* Every copy was called in and destroyed; a very few escaped! and when these are to be met with on *large paper*, the collector will cover this Book of Blunders with new guineas to be suffered to become a purchaser!!

The Doctor had bought a most curious thing; it was *an uncut* MARTIAL *on vellum, an Aldus!* With more honesty than wisdom, he paid forty pounds for it; observe, every leaf was uncut, so the value of that book consisted in *not being read!*

Now my Uncle had an *editio princeps* of VIRGIL! but, sir, it had a margin that maddened the collectors! It certainly was one of those interesting singularities that stupify one with astonishment; a thing one is more likely to hear of, than so fortunate as to behold! My Uncle fairly offered to *measure margins* with Dr. GLUM's Martial; but the Doctor would have cut off the margins of his fingers rather than those of his Martial—yet still he went running about the town, asserting (oh the provoking animal!) that his were the broadest!! This was extremely uncan-

did, and as far as I know, if I may be allowed the expression, it was a lie! My Uncle hit him a sly stroke! Jacob gave out that the Doctor preferred MARTIAL to VIRGIL; which did the latter no credit among his classical friends at Oxford.

However, the Doctor and my Uncle were like the two kings of Brentford, smelling at one nosegay; they were all day long gratuitously taxing catalogues, telling titles, collating books, and settling with "an infinite deal of nothing" the respective merits of the editions of 1640 and 1650! and 1670! They were sure of finding ready at the shops of our great Bibliopolist, a clean chair in summer, and a bright fire in winter. Who, to see them so busied together, could imagine they were watching one another's downfall!

My Uncle often spoilt the Doctor's dinner by his severe roystering! The Doctor vaunted he had 20,000 volumes—yes, sir, replied my Uncle, your LIBRARY is *learned!* When the Doctor talked he was lost in his library, by the immense variety of human knowledge, my Uncle compared him to a dwarf dragging a giant's shoe—When the Doctor exulted in his knowledge respecting editions, my Uncle would say, the edition does not make the scholar, but the scholar the edition—When the Doctor said, he knew this author, and that author—yes, the place in which they stand on your shelves—when, after collating an author, the Doctor, in the bibliographical phrase, pronounced he was *perfect!*—my Uncle declared, that that was the only idea of *perfection* in an author the Doctor could conceive!

Often at a BOOK-SALE, when my Uncle caught in an auspicious moment the mild and polished eye of Mr. LEIGH, the Raphael of book-auctioneers, or the stern grandeur of Mr. KING, the Michael Angelo, those nice adjusters of the scale of literary fame; just as their relenting hearts melted at my Uncle's bidding, and the shadow of their hammer glanced over the desk—pop scream-ed out the Doctor, *Very cheap! Very cheap!* A fresh sigh breathed in the panting heart of some blunderer of a collector, and another and another crown resounded! In this cruel manner was my Uncle compelled to raise the price of all literary lumber. A sign, a squeak, and a wriggle of the Doctor's was a pound out of our pockets!

Often have I observed my Uncle writhing

in agony at the prices he bid; moaning over the possession of those things for which he would have bit his lips off had he suffered them to have gone by! But when he bought a book cheap, it mortified him! One day, I heard him bid twelve pounds for the first edition of Thirty Sonnets of Spenser!—I started, and clapt both my hands to my ears! I heard him congratulated on his bargain! My Uncle sorrowfully shook his head acknowledging, *they were, indeed*, TOO CHEAP! I fear such bargains too evidently shew the rage of collecting is on the decline! Oh, gentlemen! pray pray, keep up keep up, the prices! the prices!

Ah! that my Uncle had never given two hundred pounds a morning for half a dozen old plays! persisting in keeping a head of a certain sublime tragic actor. A great com-

mentator on Shakspeare ferretted him at old jest-books. "*A full Groat's-worth of Wit*" the commentator would have, and so would my Uncle! They got it up to twenty pounds! By mere accident it was knocked down to the commentator. He had not had it half an hour when he offered it to my Uncle for a fourth of its price. He had bought it merely to find out a joke of Shakspeare's, which was not there! My Uncle, with a grin, told him to keep the "full groat's-worth of wit;" and the joke about Shakspeare he might YET find out—but the commentator never did!

Though my Uncle was a ruined man, he was often pleasant on his own infirmity. Once when an old black-letter folio was put on the table, entitled "THE HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLE FOOLS," with a smiling coun-

tenance he turned to the auctioneer—Are you going to put up your room?—However, the more grave and sober COLLECTORS did not relish my Uncle's humour—their heads were hanging over one another's shoulders, with their eyes rolling at the auctioneer's hammer, their tongues lolling out of their mouth, breathlessly bidding, and outbidding!—Ah they relish no jests, but SCOGIN's!

But in PRINT-COLLECTING, though the ruin was pleasant, it was not less ruin! at least, he gratified his eyes, and that was a more positive good than gratifying his understanding; for any collector may have a pair of eyes: but as for their *nous*, that is not always so evident!

My Uncle collected all the foreigners who had been in England, and all the English-

men who had been abroad; this costs a gentleman prettily; but was there a variation in the wig, or in a bit of lace, &c. of course the price varied. My Uncle had formed a collection of what GRANGER calls "persons remarkable only for *one circumstance* in their lives," that is, by being BLACK-GUARDS!—An old bawd, a young whore, or a quack of two centuries ago, made my Uncle SMART *even to this day!*

In vain I intreated him, with tears in my eyes, not to proceed any further with his COMPLETE GRANGER!! Sir Thomas Chaloner cost my Uncle fifty guineas! a very good kind of a man was Sir Thomas in the reign of Elizabeth; but *his head*, was not so precious as the collectors make it; they consider it a rarity! Little did our family imagine that Sir Thomas, with whom it never had any

connection, was to have been the cause to us of so much mischief*.

Why must I add a flim-flam respecting *fine prints!* My Uncle would have ALL *the works of* ALL *the masters!* so that in his collection of *fine prints*, he had every *execrable* one he could get! Marc Antonio, Rem-

* "The GREAT MEN of the realm" are frequently taxed with enormous *vanity*, for exposing their heads in the *literary pillory of a magazine!* Would SOCRATES, or PLINY, submit to the *Universal* MAGAZINE! Still however, being all *moral men*, it is not their *vanity* which induces them to expose themselves to the laughter of those who are intimately acquainted with their extraordinary *virtues* and *talents.* No, (poor things!) it is *not their vanity!* they feel uneasy compunctions lest posterity should pay too high a price for their heads, from their future *scarcity!*—And as we are all so deeply interested for *most* of these "public characters," unlucky must that HEAD be which is not worth *eighteen pence!!*

brandt, and P. Testa, are names revered by every artist, but not by one of our family! CALLOT, was so proud of a favourite performance, that when the plate was nearly worn out, he bored a hole, and suspended it by a riband on his breast. Boring that hole was exactly making one in my Uncle's purse! The impressions *after the hole*, though so much the worse, fetch exorbitant prices!—Once, half-drunk, HOLLAR sportively etched a set of *muffs*; but honest HOLLAR would never have consented that my Uncle should have paid for them the mad price he did! The hairs on HOLLAR's *muffs* are so finely executed, that they seem to stand on end—as they made mine!

At length, when my Uncle, at PRINT-SALES, could not any longer face his inimical friends, they whispered that he wanted

to make a trade of an elegant pursuit! But all his family will depose, that he had bought till he had not wherewithal to buy; and never could be persuaded to part with any *scarce print* or *fine impression*—till his creditors laid hold of them all! The only thing he appeared to get a trifle by, was by SMOKING some, to make *copies* look like *originals!*

CHAPTER XLIX.

"One might point out LIGHT-FINGERED ANTIQUARIES in the present age!"

GOUGH's BRITISH TOPOGRAPHY, Vol. II. p. 123.

N. B. This must be considered as good as KING's EVIDENCE—for a nameless person, at the opening of the grave of Edward I. *filched a finger* from the helpless monarch—It was discovered on the spot, and extracted from a concealed pocket in a watchman's coat, borrowed for the occasion.

OF ILLUSTRIOUS THIEVES—THIEVERY, ITS MORALITY AND NECESSITY TO COLLECTORS—HOW MY UNCLE HAS AN EMPEROR UNDER HIS THUMB!—HOW SICK MY UNCLE WAS OF MICHAEL ANGELO'S RING!—AND HOW HE SLEPT WITH AN ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE!

I DO not mean to conceal, that when my Uncle had exhausted two landed estates and all his personal property in his various col-

lections, that then he thought he might supply himself by another way than by that of purchase!

My Uncle distinguished *literary thievery* into two kinds, and objected to neither! In the Republic of Letters my Uncle was a Lycurgus, allowing his Spartans to steal from one another, and only punishing the BUNGLERS!

But of that other kind of POPULAR THIEVERY, respecting which the world do not differ in opinion — provided that the *goods and chattels* stolen were literary, Jacob unreservedly defended the practice.

As I had some weak prejudices, he tranquillized my conscience—proving it was for the benefit of our family.

He said the civilians, in their definition of LARCENY, observe that the *goods* must be taken *cum studio lucri*—with a love of lucre! On this principle they, therefore, do not include the common instance of a *hungry person stealing meat.* Now, of collectors, who purloin a book—a medal—or a print—their pilfering is not an act of *lucre;* they do not *steal to sell;* nor for the *intrinsic value;* and in no wise *cum studio lucri!* They are *poor men stealing meat!* Such a criminal at the bar would only excite our *compassion!*

He would shew the MORALITY of this theory. It is meritorious to steal a brass medal, or an old play—not worth a groat, to save a man from purchasing them at fifty guineas! In justice to his family, in *these things*——it is *honester* to STEAL than to

PURCHASE! That "better is the *end* of a thing than the *beginning* thereof," is an ancient axiom; and if you *begin* a pickpocket, and *end* a philosopher, 'tis Ethical! Such filchings I call, as St. Austin does the *virtues of the heathens—Splendida peccata!*

Some *young* collector exclaims—Are the VIRTUOSI to enter my cabinet, and filch my medals, my books, and my prints, as those *inferior virtuosi*, who steal at a rout canes, gloves, and hats?

Yes! I reply.—Are there not several *illustrious thieves*, who exult in their art? Have we not several *respectable thieves*, well known to reside at both our learned Universities? Have not the most celebrated *collectors* been *thieves*?

I remarked that my Uncle, latterly suffered his nails to grow so long, that his hand looked like the talons of an eagle.

All the world knows that the *copper* of the Emperor OTHO is worth more than the *gold* of GEORGE III. As this Emperor only reigned three months, his coins are so scarce, that a brass halfpenny of his, is worth—about 50 guineas! But this price is rather low.

Now Dr. GLUM possessed an OTHO!—my Uncle did not! In the course of time it so happened that my Uncle possessed an OTHO and Dr. GLUM did not!—This made Dr. GLUM ever afterwards suspicious.

I believe the Doctor had his conjecture how the Emperor was got over by my Uncle. It was done cavalierly. Jacob kept feeling

at the Emperor, till he got him, just as his Premier would have wished, under his thumb—he then took him up as carelessly as a pinch of snuff, and strangled the Emperor in his pocket handkerchief.

But when Dr. Glum departed this life, he left a cruel clause in his last will. He pointedly declared, that whenever his old rival, Mr. Jacob, was desirous of examining his coins, he should be closely watched by a person on each side of him, and not suffered to blow his nose—at least with his handkerchief.

Yet, after all, Dr. Glum was as great a thief as my Uncle, and that clause in his will came ungracefully from him. Once my Uncle and the Doctor met at an inn in the country; my Uncle had in his pocket a six-

pence of ALFRED; but so rude was art in Alfred's age and country, that his face does not look human—however, it is well worth *twenty guineas!* This Saxon jewel my Uncle could not refrain exultingly to shew to Dr. GLUM. The Doctor was as envious at my Uncle and Alfred, as the Devil at the sight of the loves of Adam and Eve.—In the height of his rancour he wondered how collectors could pay down their money for a face that had no nose and mouth!—I understand you, replied my Uncle; you have not an Alfred in your collection! Your battered *Canute* has no head at all, and yet you value it, as no one ever did. When my Uncle heard that he and his brother in antiquity could only sleep in a two-bedded room, he at first betrayed considerable agitation—however, he seemed to get over it, and soon fell asleep; but sleepless was Dr. GLUM! He rose, " smooth-slid-

ing without step," and breathlessly slid his hand under my Uncle's pillow, into his pockets, and even ripped a seam; but ALFRED did not appear! Next day the baffled antiquary hinted to my Uncle that whenever he travelled he always concealed his medals.—So do I, said Jacob, with a sarcastic grin—And when I sleep in a two-bedded room with a brother, I always sleep with ALFRED——*in my mouth!*

But our heroic medallist was not always so fortunate; and in one of his tricks, this light-fingered collector was detected!

This affair occurred at Paris, between my Uncle and the *Abbé* BARTHELEMI, Keeper of the (then) Royal Cabinet of Medals.

Jacob sighed to possess the celebrated

gem called *Michael Angelo's Ring*. The subject is a festival in a vineyard, but the grouping is divine! 'Twas a flim-flam of that great genius, who gave the design to one *Peschiera* to engrave on a cornelian; and the Cognoscenti admired the ring as a miracle of ancient art, and Michael exultingly wore it on his finger as a perpetual triumph*.

* Such impositions have been frequently practised by great artists, on the most knowing dilettanti, and the most keen-eyed dealers, who first planned the deception, and were afterwards caught in their own web. PICKLER and AMASTINI both exulted in their deceptions. Their copies are equal to the original antiques; but had they sold them under their own names, they would have obtained no price. The writer of PICKLER's Life observes, that many of his deceptions, having been long deposited in the cabinets of the curious, they may be said to be no longer PICKLER's, because the INTENDENTI having adjudged them to be antiques, it would be cruel to lift up the veil, and restore

After the drawer had been very cautiously opened, and very closely shut by the *Abbé*—he insisted once more to point out to my Uncle's observation the ingenious contrivance of *Peschiera*, the engraver, who, to substantiate his claim to the work, had punned on his own name, by placing a boy fishing in the corner.—My Uncle intreated the *Abbé* not to give himself that trouble—he had enough of it!

But the *Abbé* was never wearied by politeness and erudition—he has singularly united both! Opening the drawer, he declared it was gone! My Uncle wished also

them to their author! The *Giocatore di Troio*, an engraved gem of PICKLER's, passed as such with WINKELMAN, who, in his *Monumenti Inediti*, exclaims—*Une delle piu eleganti e delle piu belle figure che siano mai state scolpite nelle gemme!*

to be gone! No, Sir! exclaimed the *Abbé!* —were Michael Angelo himself here, he should not go with his own ring! My reputation, my place, and my pension, all lie in the circle of that ring!—The *Abbé* quickly rung the bell; two herculean *gardes de corps* stripped my Uncle, who appeared in the best humour possible!

The *Abbé*, looking him in the face—Ah! he cried, what it is to have to do with a Collector and a Briton! one cannot daunt them!

The *Abbé* was vexed, and, worse; was puzzled; but he, too, had been a *collector*—and those who have read his Anacharsis, may judge of his light-fingered erudition.

Another trial! he exclaimed, or I shall be outwitted!

He ordered the two *gardes de corps* to bring the Barberini vase—he placed the antique vase on an antique tripod—and before it fixed my Uncle in an antique chair from Herculaneum. I will treat you, learned Sir, (politely observed the *Abbé*,) as an amateur, an antiquary, and a collector—but you must take an emetic!

In vain my Uncle looked on either side, shaking his head, he piteously poured down the ipecacuana!

Unequalled emetic! Soon something was heard tinkling in the Barberini vase!

La Voila!—exclaimed the exulting *Abbé*. —My Uncle had actually brought up

Michael Angelo's Ring!

Well, well, said Jacob—sipping some mulled wine the *Abbé*, with polished humanity, had presented him with—Since you so well know the theory of the fine arts, I have no doubt you have been an expert practitioner! I thought it safe enough, and meant to have taken the chance of a digestion!

But there was one reason my Uncle alledged for thievery, which may quiet the conscience of the most cold and scrupulous collector. What is to be done with an inexorable and ferocious brother, who will not part with a thing, for any price, for any cajoling, or even for any abuse, which are in your power to bestow on him? I knew two amateurs who broke an uninterrupted friendship of many years, because one would neither exchange nor sell his collection of Goltzius, to gratify the insatiable soul of his

brother; nor barter a fine Guido and an antique bronze which he possesses, for a baked Titian and a cracked Etruscan vase. In these cases there is no choice—we must STEAL *!

* These collectors are wonderfully *hard-hearted to each other!* I shall give some of their humours in the following extracts from the Abbé BARTHELEMY's Letters, when he was travelling to collect fragments of *vertu*.

" We searched through the collections of *Baron Stosch*; they are immense! He has despoiled Italy, and still keeps it submissive to his power, by his numerous correspondents; he shewed every thing, but would relinquish nothing. I submitted to the most humiliating supplications; they only hardened a heart which naturally is not tender."—

" I have triumphed over the brutal resistance of the *Abbate Boule*, and a few dealers, who were more pliant."

Now he lays a conspiracy!—" I cannot exult of my success over the most powerful of all the collectors. I am mortified, but I will not despair. I have been just surround-

ing him by a net, which will entangle him during my absence; and, perhaps, I shall have the double pleasure to have what I wish, and to have it in spite of him!"

Of the ferocious *Abbate Boule* he says—"This man has many fragments of antiquity, but it is impossible to get a sight of them. I saw some Egyptian figures on the ground. This fellow has all the collection of M. Gravier, all packed up in cases! It is hopeless to offer him any price for them; he would sooner part with his life, which I dare say, his miserable manner of living, and his insatiable appetite for collecting, will shortly put an end to!"

CHAPTER L.

> Ah! what avails it, when his dinner's lost,
> That his triumphant name adorns a post?
> Or that his shining page (provoking fate!)
> Defends sirloins, which sons of dulness eat?
>
> YOUNG.

LITERARY DINNERS—AUTHORS DISCOVERED TO BE A SPECIES OF VORACIOUS ANIMALS BY PROFESSOR CAMPER AND MYSELF—THE CAUSE OF THEIR *MADNESS IN EATING*, DERIVED FROM THE ABOMINABLE PRACTICE OF THE BOOKSELLERS!

In the history of literature, ancient and modern, one of its most important provinces has ever been the quality and variety of

those DINNERS, which the lovers of literature give to literary men.

ATHENÆUS, in his *Deipnosophists*, or Banquet of the Learned, has, with his accustomed detail, loaded and unloaded all his authors—on this occasion. Cookery appears to have been one of the most refined arts, and cooks the most adored artists of the Philos of his day. We acquire more information from him than is always necessary, and he is so great a master too of his subject, that he makes our stomachs turn, or our mouths water at every page* !

When my Uncle resolved to give dinners

* He opens his fourth book by informing us, how two great philosophers commenced a regular correspondence, merely for the purpose of journalizing the splendid dinners to which they were invited.

in this literary city, his ostensible motive was, the attic entertainment of having *live authors* at his table:

> "The feast of reason, and the flow of soul."

But whether influenced by *love*, by *hatred*, or by *fear*, which in this country are frequently the occasion of very good dinners, I will not determine.

It is certain, that some of our LITERATI will exchange a dedication—for the smoke of a kitchen chimney; and Reviewers become amiable at a well-covered table, and feel a tenderness for the author of—a good dinner! Every thing melts like sugar under their tooth; they are wonderfully light-handed at a dish, and mingle mangle with their throats till they risk a strangulation,

provided it be with unbought wine. These guests never open their mouths but at the cost of other persons—by an epigram, or a dinner! I heard one of these LITERATI querulous because his gullet was not a yard long—that he might take—according to Count Rumford's plan, a longer time for deglutition!

It was at my Uncle's table, I discovered that an AUTHOR *is a voracious animal!*

I could not, at first, resist the evidence of my senses, and, at length, I attained to what I may call the philosophy—of LITERARY GULOSITY.

The seminal hint of this discovery is CAMPER'S. That scientific physiologist, in his curious experiments on SKULLS, says, that

after having "sawed several heads, both of MEN and ANIMALS, perpendicularly through the middle, I was *convinced* (observe that strong expression!) that the cavity destined to contain the BRAINS, was in general *very uniform*—but that the *position of the upper and lower* JAWS was the manifest cause of the *most striking differences!!!*"

This is one of the most interesting discoveries in that profound treatise; it proves that men of genius do not so much differ from other men in the *quantity of* BRAINS, but merely in their JAWS!

Now my own practical observations confirmed the entire system with an additional discovery! Our authors eat so voraciously, not only from the "*position of their* JAWS," but also out of provocation and MADNESS

for not having sufficient opportunities to make *a due use of them.* A writer shall have two or three thousand readers, in a year, and walk about this town in great solemnity and pomp, without a dinner!

Should the reader imagine I have not clearly demonstrated that the *voracity* of our LITERATI is an *act of madness*—surely, the abominable practice existing among booksellers, which I am now to disclose, will most evidently shew the cause of that *kind of* MADNESS to which I have alluded.

Be it known then, that in the course of every year the TRADE*, make among themselves *stock sales,* and that on those literary festivals, they jovially assemble to dine at

* The booksellers call themselves the TRADE!

the Bedford or the Shakspeare! Men the dust of whose shelves is tickling their throats, cool them in bumpers of Burgundy! " unwashed artificers" lay their hands on the snow-white blanc-mange and grimly grin! They gorge on turtle and title-page, and sturgeon and copy-right.

At such a moment I have seen one of their unfortunate authors parading in the *piazzas* beneath them; with no other dinner than what he can get by snuffing up the rich odours of a turtle, which he himself has contributed to fish out of Indian seas!

Is this fact not sufficient then, considering " the position of his jaws," at that moment, to produce *that kind of madness* I have observed in the *voracity* of AUTHORS?

CHAPTER LI.

Meetings kept up too long, and dinners too frequently given, occasion great freedom of raillery; but raillery gives more pain to some than it affords amusement to others. Raillery is the hot-bed of sarcasms, and when once these get into play, causticity repulses causticity, and inflames recrimination. We then are easily provoked to blows and the most extravagant conduct—so these things naturally conclude!

From the Poet ALEXIS, *in* ATHENÆUS, Lib. X.

A LITERARY DINNER!

I PRESENT the reader with a veracious description of one of my Uncle's dinners—it was a gala day, in which we had the honour of satiating the craving stomachs of several great geniuses.

My Uncle sat between two Grecians—Professor POURS-ON (so nick-named from the quantity of Greek and Port he can throw off at a sitting)—and his great rival, Dr. GRÆCULUS!

My Uncle, whose chemical experiments had much *decomposed* my Uncle's little Greek—now made a bold attempt to display his critical acumen in Greek philology—and it had like to have cost him dear!

My Uncle was preparing to carve a goose. Pray, (said he, turning negligently with a chit-chat air to the Professor on his right-hand,)—what do you make of that odd word in ATHENÆUS, in his fourth book, I mentioned the other morning, *Kaukizomenos?*

Pshaw! there are five hundred such words

disfigured by the copyists! You don't pretend to make any thing of it yourself! said the surly Professor.

And you, doctor? — proceeded Jacob, perking up his face triumphantly in the doctor's, and then casting a long glance all down the table. We were all at this moment watching the goose, and the three philologers!

I understand you have a new reading! replied the doctor, solemnly shaking his tremendous wig—that wig, which aspires to an universal monarchy among modern wigs.

I reject *Kaukizomen*OS, and read *Kaukizomen*OUS! I know CASAUBON is not for me! exclaimed the exulting Jacob, fearless of the wig.

Where's your authority, Sir, for this extraordinary temerity; this deep and rank pollution of the text; this alarming revolution of OUS for OS?—cried the doctor, pulling his wig closer to his brows.

I do it, *a meo periculo!*—firmly replied my Uncle. Are we to allow nothing any more to "happy conjecture?" Have we not allowed it to BENTLEY? do we not to YOU?—bowing to both; my Uncle good-naturedly meant to dole out his compliment equally between them—but this displeased both the Professor and the Doctor! My Uncle wished not to persevere in his critical acumen; the table had heard sufficient for his purpose, and he would have given ten pounds to have heard nothing more about his *new reading!*

But the Professor and the Doctor were two inhuman Greeks, who thirsted for the blood of a harmless Trojan.

Nugæ! Nugæ! exclaimed the Professor —What do you get by your new reading?

My Uncle was still not disheartened.— Why, if you look over ATHENÆUS carefully, and take the whole context with you, viz. the apple-sauce and the sage and onions, and his complaint that the bird was too much browned, by the inattention of the cook, I say, (sticking his fork into the GOOSE, and looking around him,) I am cutting the Gordian knot — the whole refers to *a roasted goose!*

Impudence! growled the ghastly-grinning Professor — Cobwebs to catch flies! — The

Professor shot such a steady look of contempt through and through my Uncle, that Jacob, conscious he was standing on ground shaken by an earthquake, turned pale, while his lips quivered at the serious turn the affair was taking. His tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, as dry as a neat's!

With the utmost difficulty he collected voice enough to appeal, with the mild eyes of a dove, to the Doctor, with a humiliated, What do you think, Doctor?

Think, Sir! exclaimed Dr. GRÆCULUS, shaking a cloud of powder from his wig, till my Uncle's eyes were blinded—I think, Sir, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to trifle so egregiously! A man ought to study Greek fifteen years before he ventures to give us Greek for a goose! muttering to

himself, *Vesanum! Insanum! Tiresiam!* And so saying, he exhausted all his wrath on a great pigeon-pie!

All the table perceived how my Uncle stood jammed between the Professor and the Doctor.

CACO-NOUS, from the habit of constantly dining with my Uncle, notwithstanding that vile chapter of his *against* GRATITUDE, was *grateful* enough at all times for a good dinner. Perceiving how thunderstruck my Uncle sat before the goose, and no more caring for the two Greek Professors than for the two buttons on the waistband of his breeches, (for he had no decorum,) sonorously came to rescue my Uncle.

This is not the *concoction* of a great mind;

this is not *defecating* the grossness of the mind! You fetter the energies of the intellect by pedantic verbalities. I calmly enquire how are we interested about an over-roasted goose in the time of ATHENÆUS? Only, surely by one way—that of a happy conjecture. Mr. Jacob has conjectured, no matter whether right or wrong, it is better than making nothing out of nothing. The age of pedantry has past! Oh the inertness of a quiescent mind!

The Professor and the Doctor stared, and drank bumpers to one another. My Uncle nodded to CACO-NOUS.

A great moralist, whose chapter on *Temperance* is so beautifully composed, had been silently eating all down the table; now shovelling the green peas, he facetiously called

out for *kaukisomenous!* and observed that he suspected SOCRATES never had green peas in January—'tis the moral result of our inimitable constitution. Every Briton is a free agent!

The high price of our green peas was tumultuously discussed, which brought in "the circulating medium," and led on to population, and the means of subsistence. Mr. TOO-MANY observed, that population increased geometrically; but the means of subsistence, only arithmetically; so that in a given time, there would be hardly standing room in these kingdoms, and nothing to eat. Nothing less than the miracle of the loaves and fishes could procure a man his dinner three centuries hence!

Here he was violently opposed by CACONOUS, who insisted on the perfectibility of

man, and the fecundity of green peas, three centuries hence!—He concluded by sending up his plate for green peas, but they handed him the empty dish!

Mr. Too-many appealed to the empty dish as a proof of the geometrical force of population—Caco-nous affirmed it was the effect of Adam Smith's principle of the circulating medium, for had green peas not been suffered by Adam Smith to reach such a price, we should have had plenty; but this is the vexatious bondage of property! Realize my system of equality! Let every pea garden be thrown open to every citizen!

That would be the only way to have no green peas at all!—cried Too-many.

So we all laughed at CACO-NOUS with the empty dish before him.

Hardly had the cloth been removed, when CACO-NOUS expressed a desire to have "the humble vehicle through which an English or German rustic inhales the fumes of the Indian weed."

You allude to (said a Chinese traveller) "the custom of inhaling the vapour of tobacco * !"

* I have the satisfaction of announcing, that shortly will be published, an *English Dictionary*, which the world will find very different from Johnson's or Ash's. My authorities in this Neological dictionary will be the most curious of our modern classics. Mr. GODWIN is a living source of the most beautiful novelties of natural science. His style is admired! He has employed the sublime language in the text.

BOBTAIL.

You both mean, I presume, (observed the grave Dr. CREEKORY, the admirable compiler of complications)—to smoke a pipe!

We do, replied CACO-NOUS—but we have no *spitting-pots* in this house!

I answered—I am sure my Uncle considers you as his!——*friend*, I would have added, alluding to his kind interference between Jacob and the Greeks; but the literati never let a sarcastic touch fall under the table—so they stopped me! and CACO-NOUS frowned!

Who could have thought, that smoking a pipe was first to be turned into a sarcastic allusion, and afterwards have set the Sentimentalist a whining! he who wrote the

" Peregrinations of the Heart, performed on foot"—

You make me shed a tear! he cried—You remind me of a *broken tobacco pipe!*—and it was I who *broke* it! Walking from Amsterdam to Maarsa, the wind was up, and the rain down!—In that dense shower, pacing the eternal flatness of that land, a boor came jogging on an ass. There's humanity every where, and even in Holland!—The old boor—generous being!—offered me the hinder part of his ass—I mounted—desiring me to cling closer to him—I smashed the pipe he held between his teeth—I covered my face with my hands!—A pearl trembled in the boor's eye—Why do you weep? I cried—the canaster is so acrid! he replied, in a manly tone—Ah me! I have broken your pipe! I cried.—As it was smoked out it matters not,

he replied, with a generosity of feeling that more keenly agonized my heart!—We arrived at his cottage—and when I thanked him, he thanked me!—observing in his artless language, you have been as good as a great coat to me; you have kept my back dry!—Can I forget the Hollander? I still preserve the *broken pipe;* 'tis a fragment of sensibility! 'tis diamonded by the boor's tear. Oh, that I could crystallize the Dutchman's drop!

Hum! a mumper! muttered Dr. CREEKORY, whose travels wear an opposite complexion—for in his, through Holland, he has given a history of the Seven Provinces, a dissertation on the Agio of the Bank, and how much solid tobacco the Dutch convert into vapour, with the duties thereon, &c.

In the revolution of empires—said the historian of France, waving his arm— a bottle stood by him, but suddenly rumbling between two rattling plates, cracking and crashing, it divided between the *sentimentalist* and the *compiler!* The former shrieking, displayed a white cambric handkerchief, well lavendered, but the *compiler* simply applied to the Doyley, declared he was not so easily cut—and after a grave grin at the *sentimentalist*, requested the historian of France to proceed with his revolution of empires.

Dr. CREEKORY pretended, in literature, to an interior and mystical feeling respecting STYLE—he declared that STYLE was *sauce* and *pickle*, and it signified little what was *dressed*, provided the *sauce* was rich and the *pickle* poignant. When he brought one of

his articles to market, he insisted on being paid *in proportion* to his *style*, and which no one knew to value but himself. He was a gold and silver lace-maker in THE ROW!

Dr. CREEKORY insinuated to the historian of France, that he wrote like GIBBON. The historian of France, with impudent modesty, assured us that he did not consider himself equal to GIBBON!—though he was sensible that no man could decide so nicely as Dr. CREEKORY between HIM and GIBBON!

Dr. CREEKORY did not compliment the *sentimentalist* that he wrote like STERNE, which vexed the latter, who hated like "the thickest Tewkesbury mustard*," the ponderosity of the traveller in quarto.

* He a good wit! hang him, a baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewkesbury mustard! FALSTAFF.

Here CACO-NOUS noisily renewed his controversy with his inexorable rival, TOO-MANY.

CACO-NOUS affirmed, if there were no laws in society, every thing would then be lawful! All the misery and all the vices prevalent in civil society originate in our institutions! Let us have no wars, no marriage-monopolies, no tax-gathering! Population would then proceed without restraint; myriad, would swarm on myriad!

TOO-MANY denied every thing CACO-NOUS asserted. Such a society of bastards as CACO-NOUS's could not last thirty years.—We should be overstocked! By a curious and a nice calculation of the *mouths of men* and the *tails of animals*, (the former taking so much more *in*, than the others can *give out*,)

he demonstrated we should soon want dressing for the land, and fall short of manure!

I have a preventive, for over population, you know, cried CACO-NOUS, pressing his fore-finger on his nose, and looking askew *.

Oh, barbarian of metaphysics! cried TOO-MANY! 'Tis by exposing new-born infants, and by a worse method still! I am astonished that such a metaphysical Orpheus is not already torn into fragments, by those mothers who meet you musing on the annihilation of the unborn generation, every morning at Islington Spa. 'Tis most inhuman! But a sharp war of seven years, is an useful operation in this weedy world; it prunes away the incumbering and unproductive

* See a Pamphlet published after "Political Justice."

branches of society; which we convert into soldiers.—We get 1 or 200,000 burthensome fellows knocked on the head; sing *Te Deum*, and write our philosophical treatises quietly by our fire-sides!

Pray, Sir—asked CACO-NOUS—what right have you to share in the good dinner of this day more than the slaves who dine on your leavings?

I have a right, replied Mr. TOO-MANY—because there was room at the table! I encroached on no neighbour's dish, nor edged him off his chair, as your equalizers of property would. Pray, Sir, in an age of universal illumination and equality, what right have you to get drunk, and then philosophize?

Caco-nous appealed to those near him whether he was drunk? They all agreed he was, except a Dramatist, celebrated for his *manual humour*, and who had all along been filling Caco-nous's glass with bumpers —calling himself between the two Philos, Caco-nous's *bottle-holder*.

Caco-nous, in his usual manner, caught at this solitary evidence, and bolstered up a paradox to prove that he was not drunk; that in no wise he resembled a drunken fellow; that he had neither lost his chair nor his speech; How, then, am I drunk?

The comic genius observed, this was no bad scene for his next *new play*.

Pshaw! (crustily exclaimed a beetle-brow-

ed REVIEWER,) your *new play* is a *new moon*; that is, the old one in a new shape!

The modern Terence replied—Your instrument is a tomahawk of satire!

Tomahawk! (retorted the acrid REVIEWER)—You little whip-cord! You pocket cork-screw! You tiny gimlet! You powder without ball! You paper fly-trap!

Gentlemen! — exclaimed an ORIENTAL BARD — Let me place myself between you, and read my Ode to *Visthnu!* it will calm you both! — So he drew out his formidable ode, while the *Dramatist* placed four wax-lights before him—To persevere, said the ORIENTALIST, in a continuity of sublime imagery, through 300 stanzas—

Here the whole table interfered—To a man we agreed not to listen to *Visthnu* !

But the DRAMATIST, intent on mischief, clapped the Oriental bard on the back; told him to lay his ode flat (not his *flat* ode) on the *mahogany* (as he wittily miscalled the table,) and called out for half a dozen of *sours*, (ingeniously meaning lemons,) which he squeezed into the libations of the ORIENTALIST, that he might gargle, and clear his voice through the 300 stanzas; and while his eye-balls rolled in a phrenzy, make a wry face in the midst of his infuriate strophes.

Fortunately for us, at this moment, the GRECIANS at the head of the table renewed their bickerings—not with my Uncle, but among themselves.

My Uncle having paid them an equal compliment, he had exasperated both.

The Doctor still labouring on ATHENÆUS, acknowledged that he was an author who put the Commentators to the torture. I am inclined to retain the passage we talked about (addressing the PROFESSOR)—*Periphoreina*, and I read afterwards *Kramboosas* for *Kromb*—and this will make sense—a roasted pig wrapt up in a sward of bacon!

You would make a silk purse out of a sow's ear! testily replied the PROFESSOR. Do you still persist in reading *Phasianikos* for *Phasianos*—I say a *pheasant*, you say a *horse!*

I will read *Phasianikos*—replied the Doctor.

Here the PROFESSOR inveighed against the temerity of modern sciolists!

The DOCTOR shook his wig, and curled his nose at the PROFESSOR—*Phasianikos* is a pheasant. The pheasant came from *Phasia*, a river in the Colchis, brought by the Argonauts in their return to Greece.

All this is a gross blunder!—replied the PROFESSOR. You ought to retain *Phasianos*; a *horse* of Phasia marked with *the figure of a pheasant!* The scholiast whom you so liberally abuse, and to whom you stand always so much indebted, like the blind man abusing his dog, gives some curious information. It was usual to distinguish *horses* by using different *marks*. We call, says he, certain horses *Bucephalus*, not because their head is like that of a BULL, but because they are

marked by the *figure of a bull's head*; hence was *Alexander's horse* denominated, and had not a *bull's head* as some sillily imagine.

The Doctor still sturdily persisted in favour of the *pheasant* versus the *horse*; and copiously quoted numerous passages, all making for the bird.

The Professor, who saw nothing was to be gained by quotation, for the Doctor had as long a memory as the Professor, briskly caught a word with a shrill whew!—You dare not tell us that *Tatyras* is the true word for pheasant; Ptolomy Evergetus reads *tetarton*, others *tatyron*.

You lie, and you know you lie! asseverated the Doctor.

The PROFESSOR instantly threw his wine at the Doctor; but the wig proved a spongy shield and drank up the liquid enemy; the DOCTOR grasped in eager anger his own wig, and, throwing it at the PROFESSOR, fixed the reeking tresses on his head,

Dropping odours, dropping wine!

How this battle would have terminated, the gods of Homer only know. The delighted table slowly interfered—the PROFESSOR challenged the DOCTOR—to drink brandy with him in *a pair of shoes!* The DOCTOR insolently offered to drink with him brandy in a *pair of boots!* a new pair of boots was immediately sent for, and the operation begun!

A small, short, meagre man, who was a

TRANSLATOR, could not help moralizing on this terrific combat respecting a mistranslation! All of ye, gentlemen! treat a translator so lightly, valuing his genius by the sheet, and his sheet by its cheapness! As for myself, I have been a translator these ten years, and I never yet made a good translation!—I am now resolved to be an orignal writer—I will not die in harness!

Here we laughed!

You will grow fatter—said Dr. CREEKORY, eying him, on compilation.

I am heartily sick of translation—resumed the meagre gentleman—If you translate literally, you do not write English; if paraphrastically, you do not write your author. You thus sit between two slippery stools,

and a man's——nose is apt to come dash on the ground!

The brandy-duel between the two learned GRECIANS began to assume a most serious aspect; each had his boot beside him—and the PROFESSOR was singing Greek epigrams, while the DOCTOR was declaiming passages from the Orations of Lysias—my Uncle holding both his hands to his ears—but the GRECIANS felt themselves annoyed by the ORIENTAL POET, who rumbling on through his Ode to *Visthnu*, invoking the Sun! he suddenly leaped upon his chair—there he called for lights! lights! The comic DRAMATIST and the SENTIMENTALIST, the one laughing, and the other in rapture, were on their knees before him, each holding a candle! CACO-NOUS and TOO-MANY were both under the table, asleep beside each

other. The rival of GIBBON was balancing a period with Dr. CREEKORY; at which the TRANSLATOR was modestly listening.

There was no one sober in the room but myself and the REVIEWER, who was really as cold-blooded as a frog. Tapping me on my shoulder, as he snatched up his hat, he whispered in my ear—You wonder that my patience is exhausted! See what a set of drunken dogs come before me every month!

Such usually were the literary dinners of my Uncle!

CHAPTER LII.

Locus est, et pluribus UMBRIS.
HOR. EPIS. V. Lib. 1.

Pray write me word how MANY you desire?
FRANCIS.

A DINNER-GUEST—ACTÆON AND HIS HOUNDS—MY UNCLE'S LITERARY FAME COMPARED TO A PYRAMID!—

My Uncle's plan of dinner parties—did not sufficiently answer his purpose—What is the *morality of* A REVIEWER! He will frequently dine with you all through January, and damn you all through February!

Then, as my Uncle, in plain English,

kept *open house*, he was worried by the SHADES and the FLIES *! before the winter or dinner season expired, he became prim, pert, and pettish—I thought he could not have held out patiently with his usual good sense. But I was resolved that he should not give up his dinners; for the honour of the

* Whenever the Romans invited a friend, it was an usual civility to inform him, that there were places at table for as many persons as he thought proper to accompany him; so that he might at least find himself among some company he liked. These persons were called UMBRÆ or SHADES, from their accompanying another person. Another kind of guests were called MUSCÆ, or FLIES; these were uninvited guests; parasites who hovered around well-covered tables. We have our FLIES still; we have only to stretch out our hands, any day, in Bond-street, or St. James's-street, and they are willingly caught. They are flies who like to buz round every table but their own! they have silvery tones, and doves eyes; lodge in garrets—but are to be heard of at their coffee-house!

family, and the easy triumph he would afford Dr. BABBLE, with his *tepidarians*, or cool gentlemen sipping their cold tea.

My Uncle's *umbræ* were the oddest kind of mortals, and the most surprising sensualists this whole town can produce. But this was naturally to be expected; for the *shade* of a crooked thing can never be otherwise than crooked.

Among my Uncle's friends, residing in THE ROW, was the celebrated Mr. GRAVESTONE—a great biographer indeed! since he wrote the *lives* of the *living!* He was a dead hand at a life, and might be said to bury his best friends alive. Whenever he entered the room, my Uncle would exclaim—here comes the *undertaker* of Fame!

Mr. GRAVE-STONE could not, like Milo, indeed, carry an ox on his shoulders; yet I verily believe he would have matched Milo by devouring a whole one. Yet Mr. GRAVE-STONE was nothing compared to the SHADES and FLIES!

Mr. GRAVE-STONE once brought a tremendous *umbra*, who had obtained some celebrity for having projected the philosophical soups at the ROYAL INSTITUTION—to feed all the LECTURERS (it was scandalously meant, in my opinion, to depreciate their GENIUS!) —at a penny a head! The leaden-headed geniuses who are there all day, philosophising over the newspapers, were to be served at half-price! All this I take to have been done in the dark spirit of the *acromatical* philosophy, where every thing is to be ex-

plained in an occult way; so that what is said, is not to be understood; but what is to be understood, is not said!

This skilful experimentalist in "the science of nutrition," philosophised very ambiguously, after the intense silence and fervid occupation he underwent during our two courses—perhaps nothing was meant; but I did not like his allusions to white meat and the breasts of women; that the flesh of woman was a greater delicacy than that of man, (how came he to know this?) That in Europe we suffered our fathers and mothers to live till they became so old that their flesh must be very hard and unpalatable. What could he mean*?

* Mr. J. De Loubeiro has composed a copious Essay "on the Inducements to the eating of Human

When my Uncle solemnly remonstrated with Mr. GRAVE-STONE on his Shade, that great biographer observed, that introducing so uncommon an eater into the house of a philosopher, was a tribute paid to philosophy.

Then was it that my Uncle opened his mind without reserve to Mr. GRAVE-STONE, and some of his FLIES!

Flesh." He alarms one with having discovered so many. At Cochin China, he describes a scene at which he was present—about dipping a small piece in the juice of an unripe lemon!!!"

PHIL. MAG. Vol. IV. p. 265.

See accounts of recent Anthropophagi, in Medical and Physical Journal for June, 1800, and Monthly Magazine, April, 1800. I believe Mr. De Saint Pierre received the honour of citizenship from the Jacobins for having been present at a festival of Anthropophagists!!!

Those who frequent the entertainments of Plato, sir, found themselves perfectly well the following day—and the wiser too! But I am sorry to say that little knowledge comes out of that mouth, which seems more curious concerning what it has put into it. Sir, I would rather be an epicurean in the science and the wit of another man, than in his bottles and his dishes. A literary man ought to make the wine agreeable to him on the next day, and not rise as if he had four heads on his shoulders. The "*Noctes cænasque divum*," are not, I believe, the sober feasts you delight in. I have witnessed orgies at my own house; I who abhor wine! I have seen, what I am resolved no more to see, stoical philosophers, and platonic politicians, dead drunk under the table. I have listened to hear something concerning a successful writer, and I heard nothing but back-biting; I

watched for wit, and catched nothing but puns; and, in a word, I am ashamed of my literary parties. I know, too, that when you are all fairly out of my doors, you amuse yourselves with flouting me; my own goose is not more cut up, nor my own ragouts more peppered. You are all a set of hungry hounds, and I will not share the fate of Actæon—to be eaten up by my own dogs! I have, however, no objection to a PIC-NIC*.

* A society where every one contributes his own portion. Such entertainments were not unknown to the ancients; for ATHENÆUS observes, in noticing them, "that the *guests* who partook of *their own collation*, were usually *more sparing* than when they dined at *a friend's cost*—that these entertainments were of a more *sober cast*—no man there *getting drunk*, or in danger of being seized by apoplexy.—Minerva, at the sight of Penelope's princes, concludes that their entertainment was provided by her good man, and not by themselves!"

Such was the tenor of my Uncle's conversation when he broke up his dinner parties. His parsimony (poor man!) was freely censured—but his sensibilities as an author were, in consequence, most woefully worked on—GRAVE-STONE struck his life out of his book, and my Uncle ceased to be "a public character"—he was bandied about, and bit, and scratched, and flead through all the Reviews. He was daily paragraphed by all his FLIES, and he was calumniated by being said to be confined in a *private madhouse*, when he was only confined in the *Fleet!*

My Uncle's literary reputation was, as the poets say, a PYRAMID!—it began on a broad basis, and spread at first considerably; till, by degrees, it was diminished, and was quite lost to the eye!

CHAPTER LIII.

SOCRATES did not amuse himself as most other philosophers, with reasoning on the secrets of nature, or searching into the manner of the creation of the earth, or the causes of the motions of the heavens. On the contrary, he exposed the folly of such as give themselves up to these contemplations. He asked them, if they thought themselves very wise in neglecting what immediately concerned them, to busy themselves in things above them? He was astonished they did not perceive the impossibility of comprehending these wonders, seeing that the most celebrated among them treat each other as FOOLS and MADMEN!—He said he should be glad to know of these persons if they were in hopes one day to put in practice what they learnt, as men who knew an art may practise it when they please, either for their own advantage or for the service of their friends; or if they did imagine that after they had found out the causes of all things that happen, they should be able to give winds and rains, and to dispose of the times and seasons as they had occasion for them, or if they contented themselves with the bare knowledge without expecting any further profit?

XENOPHON's *Memorabilita* of SOCRATES, Book I.

A BLUE FLAME!

I CONFESS when my Uncle latterly was confined in a very small angular apartment in the Fleet, I felt my sense of duty diminish in

proportion to that chamber, and spoke out my mind; believing him now to be at least as crazy as he was philosophical.

As we sat crowded together in this nook, under a slanting ceiling, I told him freely my opinion, that his HEAD had evidently been *too small* for modern philosophies—he shrugged his shoulders; so that I think he silently agreed with my notion. Then I asked him what benefit so much philosophy produced to the possessor, or to his heir at law?

My creditors have done their worst!—he exclaimed—they have seized on all my collections! but they cannot issue a statute of bankruptcy against my concealed treasure!

Treasure! I exclaimed, charmed at the

idea! treasure! My dear Uncle, you have still a dutiful nephew! what is this concealed treasure?

My Mind!—replied my Uncle, fixing his eyes gravely on me.

Your Mind!—I replied, looking on him in all the horror of vacancy!

Yes, my dear nephew! I might have lived in a quiet state of vegetation among the other vegetables of my neighbours; have fed heartily, digested smoothly, and slept soundly; and have left my family the family estates.

Here I groaned.

But then I had not enriched botany with near 3000 species of unknown plants!

Without a kitchen garden left to console you for all this great time and trouble ?

Nor described one hundred fishes which the world has never tasted !

And your ichthyology will not give us a cod's head !

Neither had I ascertained the height of the mountains in the moon, by comparing them with those on the earth !

Those mountains in the moon only frightened you, when, afterwards you took it into your head they were volcanic !

Have I not profoundly investigated how the earth was made? Have I not pushed my researches beyond even antediluvian ages ?

And in all this earth you have so easily disposed of, you have not an acre of your own!

Have I not pursued LA LANDE, star by star, and detected his celestial flim-flams?

And these "celestial notices" have contributed to crowd you into a nook where you can neither see the sun nor moon, and never more will walk in the streets!

Have I not published eight quartos, and three dozen of octavos?—they have not *yet* sold! but posterity shall have them whether they will or not. Your Aunt's works I burnt, for the honour of the family. Mine I have preserved—acting on the same principle.

Fortunately for your works, you out-

lived my Aunt—but your metaphysics are empty as the Scotch, and obscure as the German!

I know, said my Uncle, I have written *above* this age; but you will not pretend to assert—he added, rising in a fit of enthusiasm—that the next age will not comprehend me? And exclaiming,

Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

HOR.

My head shall touch the stars!

he bounced his head so violently against the low slanting ceiling, that my Uncle was literally struck dumb on the ground.

See, I cried, turning my head cautiously towards the ceiling, what a *situation* your works have placed you in!

Short now is the eventful history of my philosophical Uncle. He daily inhaled, to keep up his spirits, the *gaseous oxyd*, or philosophical brandy—and, as I predicted, it acted on him just like that of the most vulgar quality.

His face became red and fiery, and shone like a lighted coal; his eyes were phosphorescent, and his nose glimmered in the dark like the tail of a glow-worm. I did not care to approach him lest he should set fire to me; and once or twice, though he violently opposed my well-meant endeavours, I threw over him two or three pailfuls of water, for I wished to prevent that "combustion of the human body," or otherwise "spontaneous decomposition," of which I had lately read so much.

Calling on him one morning, he told me mournfully, that having taken off his old pair of black silk stockings, and thrown them on the ground, in the morning he observed "a spontaneous decomposition" had taken place, and he had found, instead of his old black silk stockings, nothing but a heap of *carbonic* matter *!

Then, said I, you must have a most alarming surcharge of *caloric* about you!

* See a very curious Essay "on the *Combustion of the Human Body*, produced by the immoderate use of *Spirituous Liquors*, by Pierre-Aime Lair." *Phil. Mag*. Vol. VI. p. 132. It abounds with numerous well-attested instances of the fact. We have had several. Dr. THORNTON, in his Medical Extracts, and WESLEY in his Primitive Physic, give others.—For the story of the *black silk stockings*, see *Phil. Mag*. Vol. XVI. p. 92. They belonged to an American Senator.

I begin to think, replied my unhappy Uncle, that your conjecture respecting the *gaseous oxyd*, that it is nothing more than *philosophical brandy*, is perfectly accurate. If you are still a dutiful nephew and a zealous chemist, I entreat you to watch me more sedulously than you have of late! the hell-flames of brandy are in my body! I may go off either by *detonation* or *decomposition*, or by a bright *combustion!* Then may you certify to the world your favourite discovery, and add that *brandy* is not *eau de vie!*

On the morning of the 21st of December, 1804, I entered his apartment—My Uncle was not a-bed! there was a strong smell in the gaseous apartment. I hastened to the Warden to announce the escape of his prisoner—and that he must pay all his debts! The Warden swore, and stampt, and rushed

into my Uncle's apartment—we could not see him, but we perceived a dancing blue flame, which for above a quarter of an hour bore the perfect resemblance of my Uncle's small head and miniature features; his snip-ish nose, his grinning lips, and his gimlet-hole eyes—I then suspected how matters stood—and, looking in his bed, we found nothing but the cinerous remains of this great chemist; like an ancient body in a state of decomposition in the Herculaneum, we traced every part except his head perfect; but when you touched my unfortunate Uncle, he crumbled into mere carbon, black smut!

The Warden was as terrified at my explanation of the *effects of brandy-drinking*, as he had been at first at the probability of his having to pay all my Uncle's debts! If this true story should recover one unhappy bib-

ber, tottering on the precipice of that bottomless gulph his bottle, I shall not have written in vain—but this is only *one moral!* while the Life and Errors of my Uncle contain a hundred, if the patient Reader is so fortunate as to be able to discover them.

FINIS.

AN

ILLUMINATING INDEX;

INDICATING

THE SPIRIT AS WELL AS THE MATTER

OF

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FINIS.